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No. 4.

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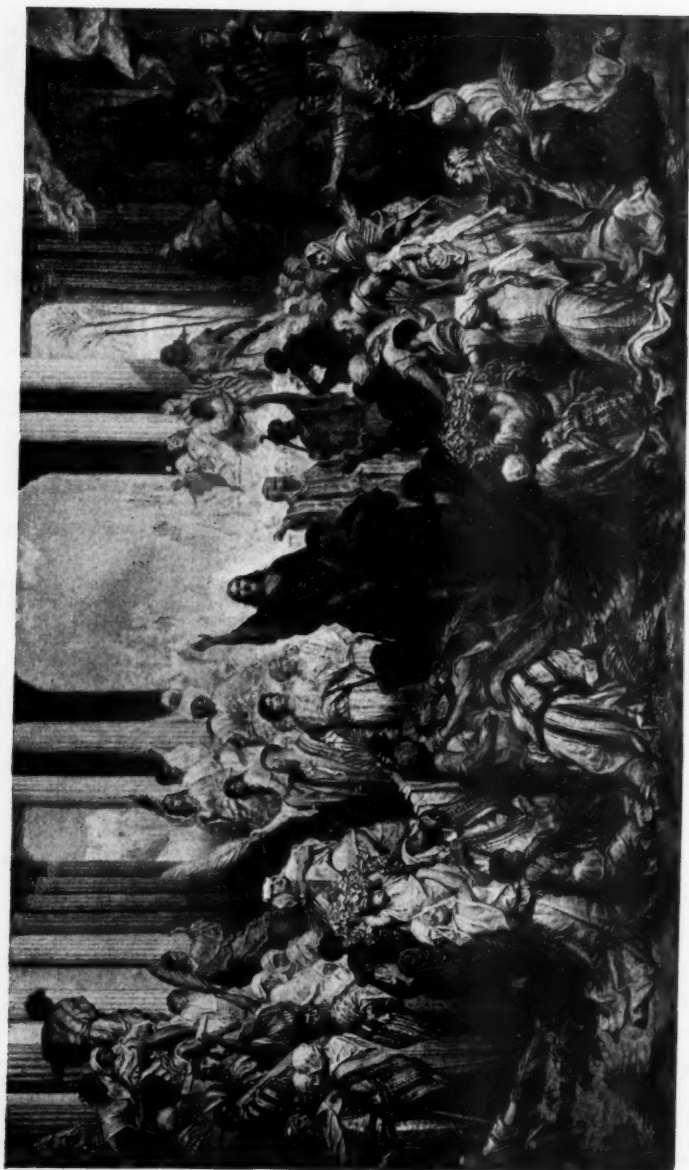
Des Moines, Ia.

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"THE WAY OF THE PALMS."
Copy of Doré's Famous Painting, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem."

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME VII.

APRIL, 1897.

NUMBER 4.

ON THE EASTERN EDGE OF THE ANDES.

CORDOVA AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS—ITS DYKE AND ARTIFICIAL LAKE.

By JAMES HUGH KEELEY.

CORDOVA is the third city in this southern Republic of Argentine. It has a population of nearly 40,000. It is about midway between the two oceans, in latitude 32 degrees south. It takes its name from ancient Cordova of Spain, and was founded in 1573 by Jeronimo Luis de Cabrera. The Spanish pronunciation of the word is pleasant to hear—Corthova, the "th" as in "with".

The city was begun by Jesuits, Indian converts and Spanish adventurers from the settlements on the Pacific coast—for this region was settled from Peru and Bolivia, and not from the East, as most of Argentina was. It is peculiarly inland,

for the river upon which it is situated loses itself in the vast widening plain, less than a hundred miles from the city, its waters being consumed by the fertile soil of the treeless plains, or the pampas. There is, therefore, no water communication with the ocean even for a canoe. And it is only about twenty-five years since a railway connected it with the great seaport cities of the Parana, the La Plata and the Atlantic ocean. It is about 300 miles from Buenos Ayres, 250 from Rosario, and nearly 400, "as the crow flies," from the Pacific Ocean.

Cordova is a brick-walled and tile-covered city, but the hovels in the suburbs



PLAZA SAN MARTIN, CORDOVA.

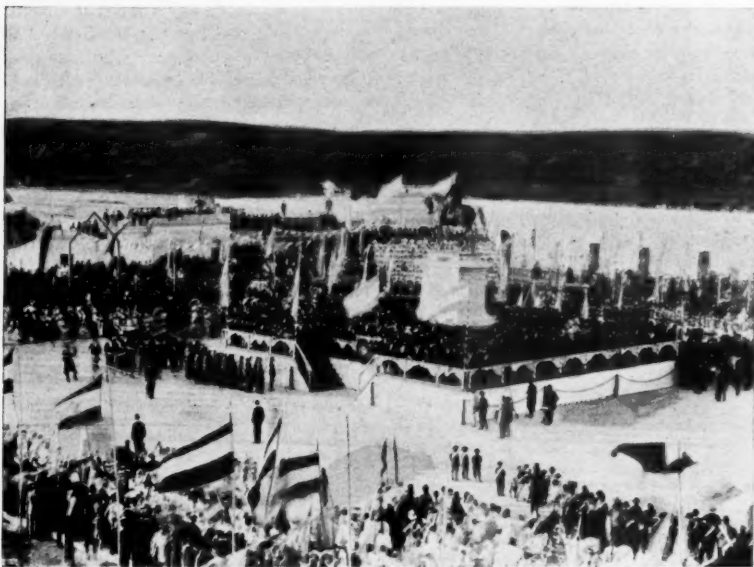
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are covered with thatch. There are some very fine buildings, for the kind, both business and dwelling houses. But most of the city is plain, and much of the poorer sections are not very inviting. It is difficult to conceive how anything but squalor and misery can abide in such hovels. Yet Cordova is not as crowded with unsightly huts as are other cities in the South American Continent.

But Cordova is not all brick and mortar and tiles. Most of the streets are

plaza, but not very well kept. A small plaza has an equestrian statue of General Paz, unveiled in 1887. It was the gift of the students of the University, the youth of Buenos Ayres, and the municipality. It is quite equal to the equestrian statue of General Bolivar in Central Park, New York, the gift of the South American Republics.

Cordova is Argentine's "City of Churches." It has eight large churches, fronting on Plaza San Martin, besides

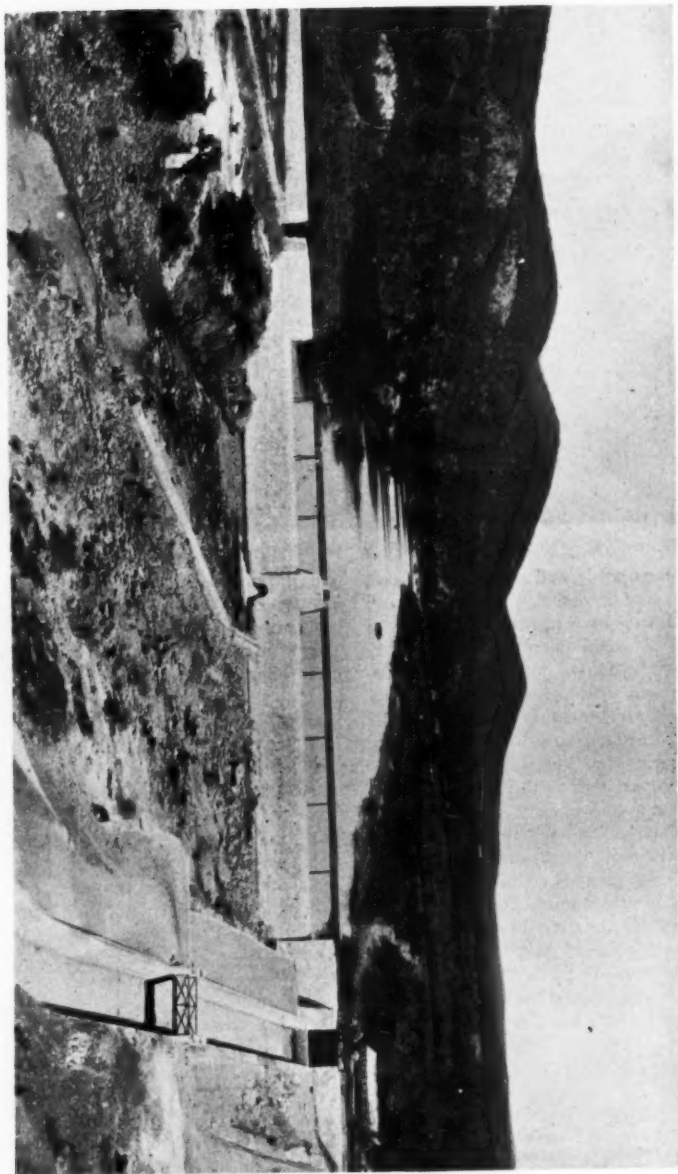


UNVEILING THE STATUE OF GENERAL PAZ, AT CORDOVA.

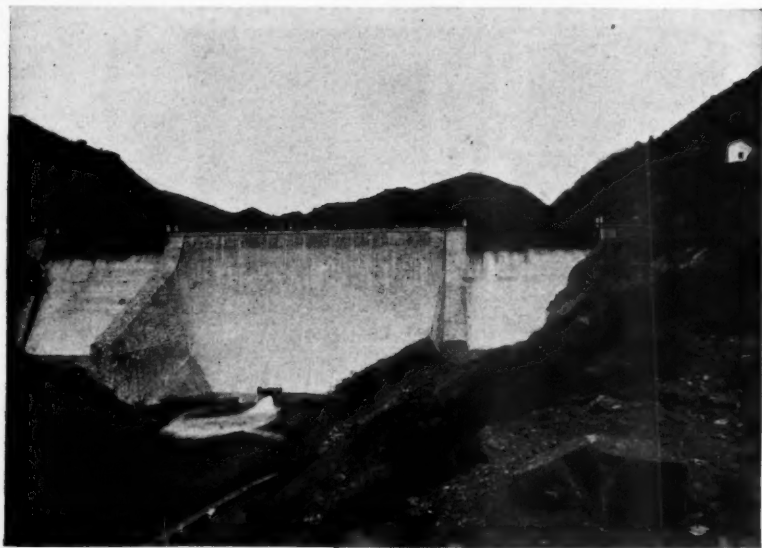
well paved with good stones from the adjacent mountains; and in the churches and public buildings, and in some dwellings, marble is seen, mostly from the quarries in the Sierras near by.

The city has several squares or plazas. San Martin being the largest, the most shaded, and the best kept. (A portion of it is seen in the accompanying illustration.) Indeed, in variety of trees and flowering plants, the plaza is superior to anything in Rosario, a place nearly three times as large. Christobal Colon is a new

the Cathedral,—a monstrous and uninviting pile outside, and not very attractive inside,—not as attractive or expensively finished as many of the other churches. Indeed, some of the others are gorgeously adorned with frescoes, paintings, images and altars. Nearly all the churches have schools attached, usually connected with convents or monasteries. The leading orders in each are prominently represented, and wield no little power in municipal and provincial matters. The churches are built of brick



AN ARGENTINE LANDSCAPE—THE DAM ABOVE CORDOVA.



LOWER VIEW OF THE GREAT DYKE.

and some marble, and a few have glazed, tile-covered domes.

Cordova is known, also, as "the City of Doctors." In this country there are many "doctors." All callings that labor to dispel wickedness, folly, sickness and ignorance are "doctored." So, all the clergy are doctors, also all the lawyers, law-makers and judges, all the medical men proper, and all the professors and teachers.

Not the least among the learned men of Cordova is Dr. Thome, a native of Pennsylvania, and connected with the National Astronomical Observatory in Cordova for the past twenty-five years. His work is second to none in the world. He was worthily honored by the Astronomical Congress, at the World's Fair in 1893, by being made its President. Dr. Thome is a delightful gentleman, as well as a learned scholar. The shape of his head and his great observing brows, suggesting rare mathematical powers, remind one of Herschell.

Doctor Davis, of the Meteorological Observatory, and Professor Rector, his as-

sistant, are also doing excellent work in this field.

Cordova is supplied with water from the Primero River. This is the first of five mountain streams named successively Primero, Segundo, Tercero, Cuarto, Quinto. They are named from the north southward. The dam is about ten miles above the city, and the water is conducted in two canals, one above each bank, to opposite sides of the city. There is abundance of water, and it is used for irrigation for miles about, and for city purposes also. The water rates are surprisingly low.

The Rio Primero is a remarkable stream. More than once, when so minded, it has swept away all barriers and flooded the city streets and surrounding plain, demolishing buildings and scattering devastation everywhere. These floods became so disastrous that some protection was necessary. This led to the construction of the dyke—or *deekay*, as the native calls it. This dyke has made one of the largest artificial lakes in the world,—one in England and one in

Belgium being the only larger ones, I am told.

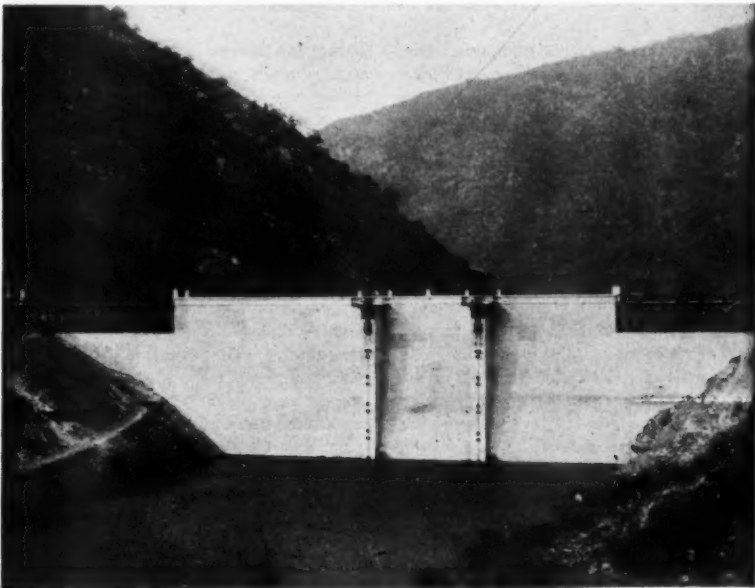
To the south and west of Cordova are mountains reaching, at a distance of fifty miles, the height of 8,000 feet. These mountains are called "the Switzerland of the Argentine."

On the east and north of Cordova the open pampas roll far as the vision extends. The mountains, rising abruptly from the plain, present a most inspiring appearance.

The Primero River is formed by the junction of the Cosquin and the San Roque, about thirty miles northwest of Cordova, and from its source to the city it flows through the mountains. It is very winding. Along its course a railway is constructed, connecting the city with "Switzerland" above. The river channel is so narrow and its banks are so steep that the rails are laid on a bed literally cut out of the rocks on the mountains' sides. Its waters rush over a rocky bed all the way, almost a continuous

rapids from their source to Cordova, the descent several thousand feet. The Cosquin and San Roque are mountain streams that drain two opposite lines of hills and unite on the upland plain to form the Primero. At times these streams, usually moderate, flow in torrents, and suddenly fill the Primero to ten times its usual volume. Down its rocky bed then rushes this destructive torrent, that spends its strength on the city and plain below. The banks of the Primero are simply precipitous sides of hills and mountains, whose mighty heights are but ponderous piles of giant boulders, rough, rocky, irregular, at every turn wild and picturesque, and in most places dangerous, if not wholly impassible. In the numerous ravines winding paths may be seen, made by the wild goats or by the half-wild men who cross these Argentine Alps to their homes in the rugged ridges beyond.

Necessity and enterprise united in the construction of a dyke or barrier to the abnormal Primero, about two miles from



UPPER VIEW OF THE GREAT DYKE.



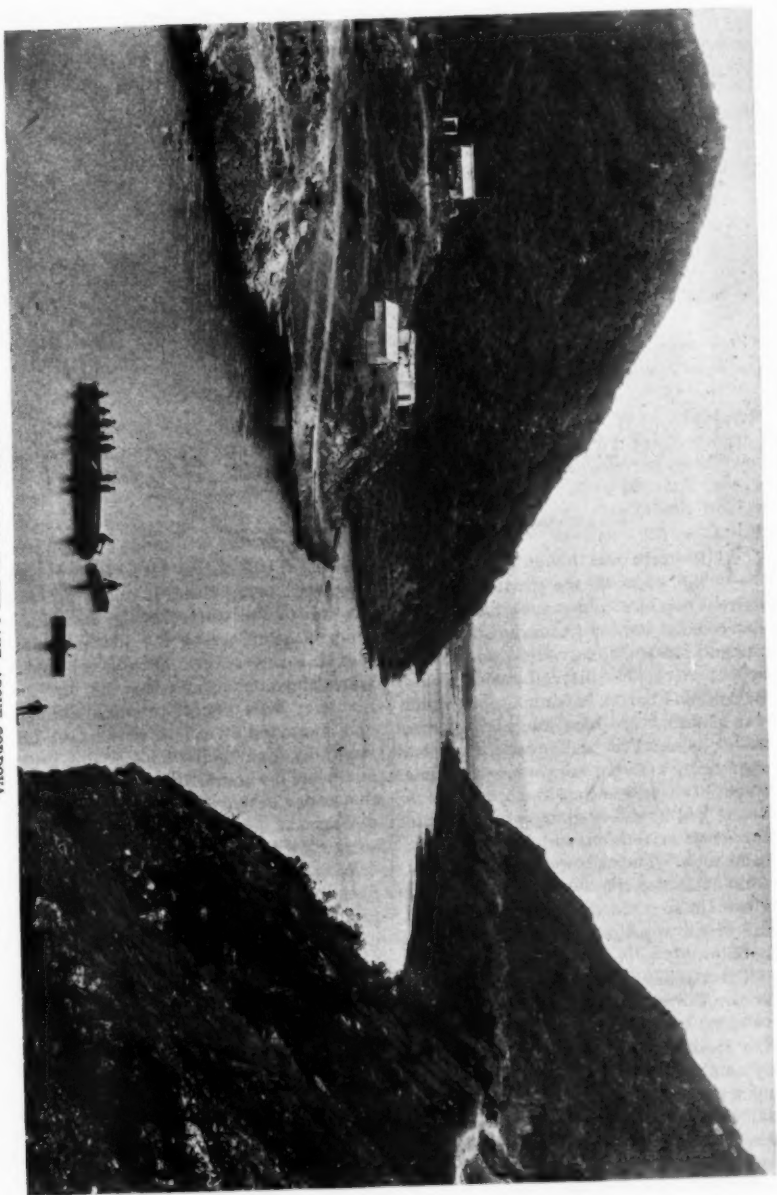
VIEW OF THE LAKE ABOVE CORDOVA.

its source, and now this ponderous pile of masonry tacitly says to the oncoming floods, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther; and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed." The barrier was built at one of the narrow places in the channel and is a giant pile of mortar, stone and iron, 110 feet high and nearly 400 feet from bank to bank at the top. The accompanying illustrations show it from both sides.

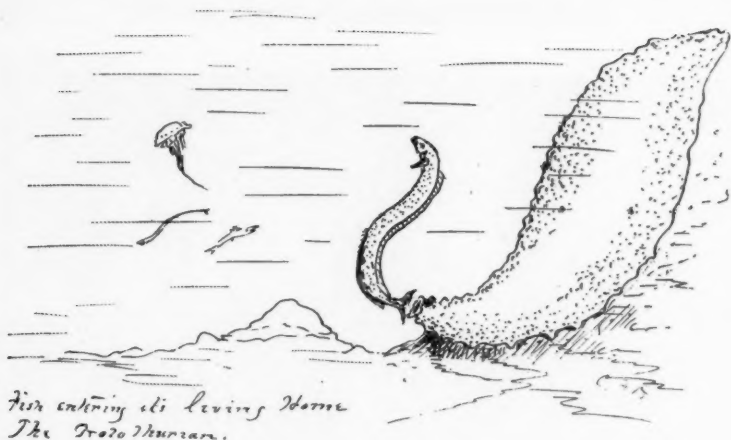
The waters backed up by this dyke form a charming mountain lake, of irregular triangular shape which, when full, is from six to eight miles on a side. The three arms of it are the channels of the three rivers, where the Cosquin and San Roque are wedded and become the Primero. The view from the train on the north shore of this lake, southward over the upland plain and mountains, is inspiring,—tranquil beauty in the foreground, picturesque hills and forests next, sublimity and grandeur embodied in the

distant mountains and the clouds. The lake is often eighty to 100 feet deep, but as the dyke was built to regulate the flow of the Primero, the depth is often reduced to only twenty or thirty feet.

The creation of this lake has perceptibly modified the climate in this region. There is more rainfall; more water passes the dyke than formerly passed the channel. The hills, before quite barren, are now verdant almost to the top, and herds of cattle and flocks of goats now flourish where once they could not live. The mountain air is more moist. The omnipresent vapor is more dense. This condition hinders astronomical observations. Other small lakes in the mountains have all been affected by the change, and much that was barren, now bears fruit. Summer resorts are multiplying and the mountains are filling with new inhabitants.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LAKE, ABOVE CORDOVA.



LIVING HOMES UNDER THE SEA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

Author of "Life of Darwin," "Elements of Zoology," "Life of Agassiz," etc., etc.

OUR yacht was bounding along on the edge of the great Kurosiwo current that sweeps down the Santa Catalina coast of California, flowing along like the gulf stream, and giving a semi-tropic aspect to regions that otherwise would be cold and barren in winter. The water was of an intense blue hue and upon it, as far as the eye could reach, floated a vast fleet, a living concourse of mimic ships. It was blowing fresh, and each vessel had its sail seemingly stretched to the greatest tension and was upon the same tack. The sails were apparently of satin and, caught by the sun, flashed and gleamed so that the entire surface of the ocean appeared to be covered with bubbles.

These mimic craft were called by the sailors Portuguese men-of-war, but were velellas, beautiful members of the jelly fish family, a group of zoids supported by an oblong raft resembling spun glass, upon the top of which rises a triangular sail of the same color and consistence. From the lower portion of the raft the animal matter depends, a rich blue, in color as deep as the ocean itself.

These little ships, forming the vast fleet, were being blown in by the prevailing trades and were feeding on minute animals, as up among the delicate tentacles I found several partly consumed fishes and crustaceans, showing that the tentacles were deadly to small animals and contained a virulent poison; yet, despite this, many individuals of this great fleet were the homes and afforded protection to one or more little fishes that swam among the short lobes and tentacles seemingly without harm.

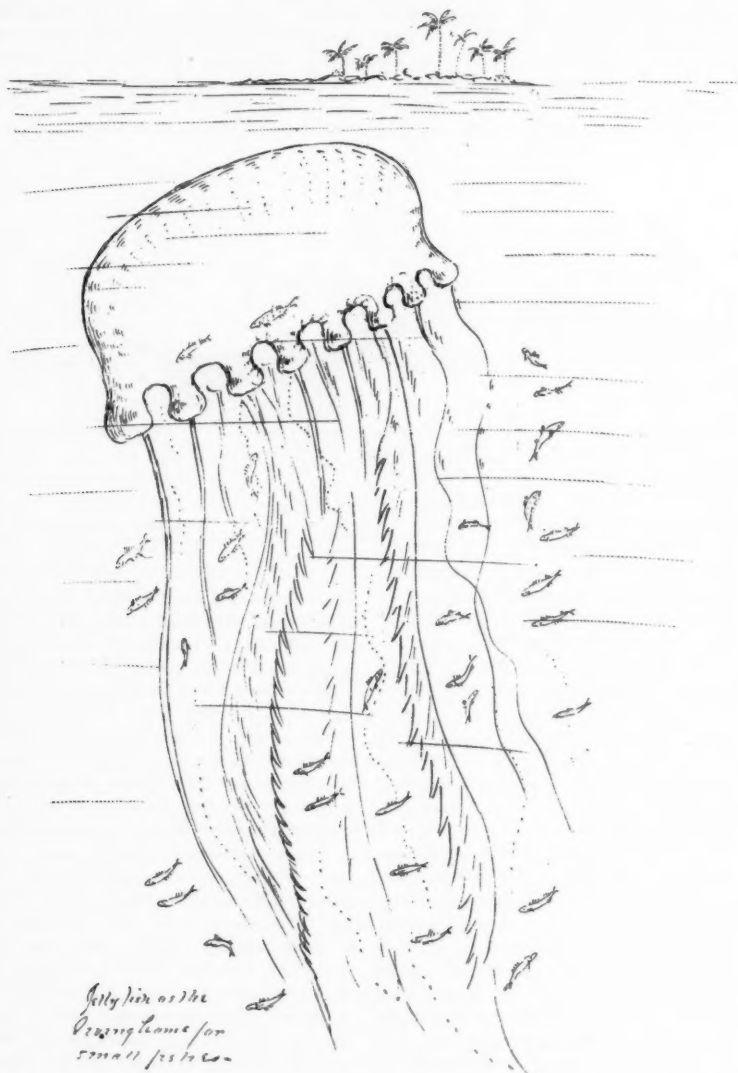
While the velella is called the Portuguese man-of-war on the California coast, the rightful possessor of this name is the physalia, found further south, a delicate bubble that floats upon the water, dragging a long train of blue tentacles that are so many electrical batteries in their effect. These are lowered from ten to fifty feet into the water, and act as bait or lures to small fry. I have seen a small sardine seize one and immediately turn over dead. The moment the tentacle is touched innumerable minute javelins are projected into the victim, the shock being so terrible that small animals are

instantly killed and large ones seriously injured. I once swam over the tentacles of a physalia with such disastrous results that I had to be taken from the water and scraped with knives to remove the mass which sank into the flesh like molten lead, and for a year I bore the traces of this singular bombardment, which resembled the fanciful puncturing of some artist in tattooing. The physalia is at once one of the most dangerous animals of the ocean to small fishes; yet, strange to relate,



it affords a home and protection to several hundred men-of-war, and that did not have its attendants. The beautiful fluffy sail, which it raises we lift the animal by this, the little at ing about in evident alarm. They are and resemble small mackerel, but in tentacles of their protector, beneath ming about with apparent the tentacles are killed at fect is the protection afford it is almost impossi tentacles. Certain ob in the toils of the phy involved in the danger ics, and am confident home, floating about the tentacular parts uncertain and mi fact remains that many living ani I have exam its colony among the about

al little fishes that fate. I have exam do not recall one The physalia has a to the breeze, and, if tendants are seen, rush about two inches in length, color are the exact tint of the which they make their home, swim- impunity, while other fish which touch once and undoubtedly eaten. So per- ed the little fishes by this mimicry that ble to distinguish them from the ten- servers claim to have found these fishes salia; but, while I have seen sardines and others ous tentacles, I have never found one of the mim- that, to a certain extent, the physalia is a living and affording protection to the little fishes which mimic of their host. Why small animals should seek such gratory protection it is difficult to understand, but the the young of certain migratory and pelagic fishes adopt mals as protectors. In scores of large jelly fishes which ned, in the Atlantic and Pacific, nearly every one had of little fishes. In many instances they were high up lobes and tentacles of the animal, poisoning and swimming where the slightest false movement would bring them in contact with the tentacles that would pierce them with a thousand javelins. Nearly all these jelly fishes were tinted with pearl or pink tints and each little fish had a similar ornamentation; in other words, was a mimic, so evading the observation of any sharp-eyed enemy that from experience would avoid the disagreeable if not deadly tentacles of their host or protector. It is difficult to imagine a home life where the slightest *Physalia and attendant fishes.* false move is death; where the



fish has insensibly assumed the hue of the living home, and where, like the Arab, the community is never at rest, but constantly on the move and at the mercy of wind, tide and current.

In the Gulf of Mexico the forms of physalia, veella and porpita are very common, often covering the sea as far as the eye can reach; the sun flashing from the pearly sails of the two former like



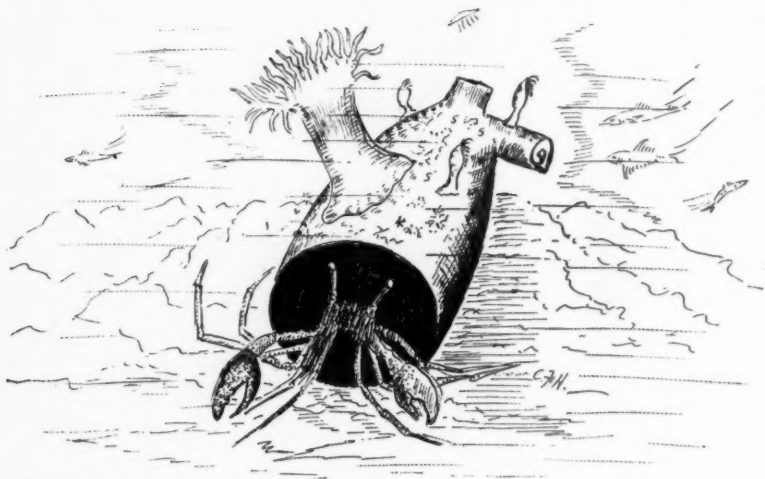
a seal investigating a living home
the giant jelly fish cyanea.

heliograph signals. After a storm the islands are lined with their wrecks that are thrown high on the sands, to dry and become balloons and be carried by the wind here and there; in the case of the physalia, exploding with a loud report when crushed beneath the feet. I have seen these mimic wrecks piled in winnows miles in extent, but the fishes that had been their attendants had deserted them and found a home with others that had survived the storm and were still sailing on the tropical seas.

I once found a hermit crab that had taken possession of an old discarded clay pipe-bowl, the latter in turn being covered by so many boarders and tenants that it afforded a remarkable example of a living home. On the claws of the crab itself were several barnacles that continually waved their plume-like feet. On the outer surface of the pipe, nature had planted a marine flower garden. First—*serpula* had covered it with their limy, serpentine tubes, at the entrance of which were the beautiful flower-like gills of this

worm that blossomed in scarlet, blue or lavender, while some displayed salmon hues, and others again were in modest tints. Among these were various small sea anemones and a number of coral polyps and corallines. Several scarlet bivalve shells had attached themselves to the community, making a remarkable gathering on so small an area. All these various creatures were dragged about by the crab that in tearing and rending his prey unconsciously provided them with food.

A crab observed in the Indian Ocean affords a most interesting instance of this communal habit. It was a large marine form, similar to the ordinary crabs of the Atlantic shore. On its big claw, near the joint, hung a large sea anemone, so placed that when the crab was feeding, its mouth received many of the morsels. The situation of the anemone was so unusual that it occurred to the finder that possibly there might be some friendly association between the two, and, to test this, the anemone was taken from the



*Hermit-Crab in pipe bowl
with various animals living on it*

claw and placed in a tank with the crab, whereupon the latter immediately seized and replaced it upon the claw, this act being repeated several times. Finally the observer cut the anemone in a number of pieces which the crab soon collected and held in its claws.

Nearly every shark is the home and protector of several fishes. About the head of a large man eater shark I have watched the little striped *naucrates* or pilot-fish play, and have often seen it dart away in the direction of food; but I doubt if the story of the pilot-fish has any very sure foundation in fact. Clinging to the body of the same shark may be seen the dark, flat-headed remora, that has a sucking disk with which it clings to its host. Curious crab-like creatures will be found fastened to the sides of the man eater, which if carefully examined would prove to be a well populated living home.

Among the singular animals of tropical and semi-tropical seas are the holothurians, or sea cucumbers; animals resembling slugs or worms, but often eight or ten inches in length and four or five in circumference. In the shallow bays of the island of Santa Catalina they cover the bottom, and I have found them equally plentiful in the shallows of the Florida keys. Lying on the bottom they look like huge brown cucumbers. Many Florida specimens examined by me were living homes of a most interesting character. The boarder or occupant was a long slender fish, so thin and glass-like

that when I laid one on a newspaper I could read the type through it—a ghostly representation of a fish, yet it was full of life and animation and made its home within the holothurian, entering tail first and coming out head first as occasion offered, though, in all probability, remaining most of the time within its host and feeding there.

In the gardens of the sea there are many examples of this curious phase of life, illustrating how involved and bound together are the various groups of animals. I have near me as I write the singular abalone or *haliotis*, so common along the California coast, and so beautiful in its tints of green, blue, black and red. The shell is large and flat, and, being a slow mover, affords an admirable opportunity for various animals to attach themselves to it and secure a home. The shell fairly bristles with life, and plumes of *serpula*, waving tentacles of anemones and the lace-like fringes of the barnacles form a net-work with minute mosses and lime-secreting animals of many kinds. Indeed, no one would suspect that beneath this aggregation of scores of different animals lived a slow-moving mollusk that patiently bore its load and traveled from place to place with its boarders, who in this way obtained free, if not rapid, transit over the rocks.

These are but a few instances among the most striking illustrating this strange feature of marine life, and, doubtless, in the deep sea many more exist that are equally remarkable.



TO THE STORM KING.

WHAT care I for the storm's high sweep,
Or the roar of the ocean's wave?
A strong, wise God my soul shall keep,
Though the winds and the waters rave.

W. C. Dewel.



LAKE ZIMMERMAN, COLORADO.

THE VALLEY BEAUTIFUL.*

BY H. A. CRAFTS.

AT LAST we stand on the summit of Pingree Hill, Colorado, and look down over the delectable valley. The lower depths are not yet visible. We merely behold a vast and wildly broken depression, walled about with giant hills that look like groups of leviathans lying about in wanton proneness. The eye, starting in the foreground, runs down the rugged pathway that leads to the lower cañon until it wanders and is lost in a maze of hills, some oval in shape with grassy slopes and sparsely growing pines, and others sharp and craggy. Then the eye with a sudden flight skims across the hilltops and hidden valleys and strikes the adamant hills that form the southern wall of the grand cañon of the Cache la Poudre.

Long rocky ridges, seamed and scarred, sweep westward until they are lost in vast tracts of green timber in the higher altitudes, and then emerge again above timber-line and end in the snowy range with its terra-cotta steeps ribbed with immense drifts of snow,—and higher yet are the blue peaks of the Continental di-

vide. The sun is dipping low toward the snowy summits, bathing the great divide in a flood of golden light. Fleecy clouds drift across the face of the higher peaks, some of which are faintly outlined beyond a veil of mist.

The driver sets his brake hard down and we begin to zigzag down the steep declivity. There are break-neck pitches that end in gulches down which babble beautiful mountain brooks fringed with willows, quaking asps and vines, which grow in wild profusion. We cross the little streams beneath arbors of trees whose branches trail across the top of our canvas-covered conveyance. Then comes a sharp turn to the rugged defile and new vistas are opened to view. Sheer precipices, crags mounting one above another, grassy plateaus half-way up mountain-sides, and gloomy gorges from which the sunlight has fled since high noon. Down! down! the driver strains at his brake and holds hard on his lines, the locked wheels of the vehicle sliding and grinding over the rough surface of the steep pathway, the white top of the stage

*Awarded the Descriptive Paper Prize in THE MIDLAND'S JANUARY 1st Competition.

dipping and bobbing as we jolt over the rough mountain road. At times the sides of the gorge rise almost perpendicularly and we are shut in the gloom of twilight.

It is two miles from the top of the hill to the foot, and in that distance there is a sheer fall of twelve hundred feet. It may be readily seen that the greater part of the road must needs be at a steep incline. At last at the foot of a particularly steep pitch there is a level spot through which the brook runs; for it is a very sociable stream, sticking close to your side and

bushes, and lower down, by the banks of the river, are verdant meadows, where grow luxuriant grasses and wild flowers and clumps of weeping willows and alders that overhang the water's edge. On either side of the valley the impregnable walls of the cañon rise in all their strength and splendor, sometimes into wooded hillsides and sometimes into bare and beetling precipices which close up so near together that there is just room enough for the mountain torrent to pour through in a turbulent mass of boiling



CHAMBERS' LAKE, COLORADO.

insisting upon a constant babble. Then a sharp turn to the right and lo! we have entered the Valley Beautiful.

At the roadside stands the Rustic House, half hidden by a clump of trees. The tense strain of the dangerous descent is now removed and the spirit is soothed by the sound of falling waters in the distance. A few steps more and we have emerged from the steep and rocky gateway into the splendors of a mountain paradise. The valley widens gently and through its center, like a band of silver, runs that most beautiful of streams, the Cache la Poudre River. On either side is a strip of table-land as smooth as a lawn, and covered with buffalo grass and wild sage

foam, and where the voice of the waters deepens into a booming basso.

Looking westward from the Rustic, the cañon for a mile or two opens out in full view. Then it narrows to a mere gorge and, with a sudden turn, loses itself among the surrounding hills. Eastward it seems to end abruptly against the scarred and craggy flank of a cliff. But if you take the trouble to explore its tortuous windings you will find that it turfs and twists between its rocky confines until it opens out into another beautiful stretch of open valley. And all this time the river brawls with ceaseless insistence. It glides along the deeper pools and licks and lisps beneath steep banks; then it breaks and

goes laughing over a riddle paved with bright-colored pebbles; then it snarls and growls over and between big boulders, and finally it thunders in a mighty voice between the granite walls of some narrow gorge.

Out in the wider parts of the cañon the sound of all these varied tones of the water is blended into one grand symphony that knows no interlude or finale. Sometimes it comes in greater volume, borne on the wings of some passing breeze; then, as the wind sighs itself to sleep among the pines, the voice of the river dies away into a low monody.

A number of articles of merchandise are to be left at the Rustic, and a few words of business pass between the driver and the proprietor of the house, all ending in some local gossip, and the journey is resumed onward up the valley. The shades of evening are falling and soon the cañon is wrapped in gloom. The river murmurs on. The road swings away from the river and the sound of the water almost ceases. Then the highway swings back to the river bank, perhaps high up a steep, rocky hillside, where the thunder of the river drowns our conversation and causes us instinctively to shrink backwards in the darkness. Soon the moon rises over the eastern hills and fills the cañon with silvery light, revealing a scene of surpassing attractiveness. The shadows of the higher peaks to the eastward throw their long lengths across the valley in a multitude of fantastic shapes. Now we pass through a strip of brilliant moonlight and then plunge into the thick gloom of a giant shade. Each mountain peak, crag and tree is sharply outlined upon the floor of the valley or against the sides of the opposite steeps. The higher peaks to the westward stand out boldly in a flood of light, while in deep contrast are the dark gorges from which the light is excluded by the surrounding hills. Looking backward we behold the Queen of Night wheeling majestically along the summits of the southern ranges. It is like passing through some enchanted

land. The rise and fall of the river's wailing voice; the ever changing panorama of ghostly objects as each turn in the road gives a change of view, the grandeur of the distant peaks, all conspire to fill the breast with conflicting emotions. The breeze blows cool and fresh from up the valley and comes laden with the fragrance of the pines and wild sage and the more delicate perfume of wild flowers. The frogs croak in the marshy places and the crickets chirp mildly in the grass by the wayside; the sharp cry of the coyote and the muffled croon of the owl are heard from the far-off mountain-sides; and as we occasionally pass beneath a grove of pines the sigh of the wind lends its aid to the enchanting influence of the surroundings.

At last a light appears in the distance and the deep baying of a hound is heard. Our conveyance rumbles over a loose-jointed bridge high up over the noisy stream and we pull up at the hospitable door of Zimmermann's mountain home. There are hearty and cordial greetings, a pleasant evening chat with the host and his interesting family, and then a bed of down. The windows of our sleeping room open to the westward, upon a grove of quaking aspens and the river below, and we are lulled to sleep by the sound of the wind among the leaves and the distant murmur of the water. The breeze floats in at the windows filling the room with coolness and fragrance. Did the Sleepy God ever reign under more kindly auspices! His sway is irresistible and, fatigued with the day's journey and soothed by the soft influences of the surroundings, sleep soon comes to us as he comes to infants. And to wake completely rested and refreshed in the midst of an earthly paradise! The sun has risen in a cloudless sky; it fills the Valley Beautiful with light and life. The morning breeze blows up the cañon from the east and whispers through the pines, and turns the leaves of the quaking asp trees white in the mountain glens. The river dances and sparkles in the bright sunlight and

its voice has changed from the solemn monody of the night to a laughing chorus of the morning. Breakfast is eaten with a hearty relish and then the ladies repair to the hammocks and easy chairs beneath the spreading branches of a noble pine that stands in front of the house, while the men seek their fishing rods and start out for a day of delightful sport along the river or upon the placid surface of Lake Zimmerman. The birds and bees are abroad again and making the air melodious, and the locusts and dragonflies add their reedy music to the rustic concert. About the only reminder of material life is the rattle of a mowing machine that is cutting hay in the meadows.

At Shetland Ranch, two miles above Zimmerman's, we are received with charming cordiality. Here we find ourselves in one of the most beautiful spots on earth; a veritable Garden of Eden set among the everlasting hills. The valley spreads out and permits all the settings of a beautiful picture. The river, clear as crystal, winds gracefully through the green meadows, where grow a profusion of shade trees, shrubs and wild flowers. There are spreading pines, conical firs and spruces, many of the latter of the silver species, showing in beautiful contrast to the darker green of the pines; tall and graceful cottonwoods, clumps of weeping willows, and alders trailing with wild vines, clematis and woodbine. Abruptly from the outer edges of the level floor of the valley rise huge masses of hills and mountains, some pine-clad and others breaking into bare and rugged cliffs that rear themselves a thousand feet above the valley. Looking up the valley to the westward, the cañon is seen winding majestically away between the hills till no trace of it is left, and the eye rests upon the snow-clad peaks of the main range, that gleam brilliantly in the vivid light.

Eastward the valley presents a most beautiful picture. The river is seen, winding through the meadows, or sweeping around some bold and rocky headland. It plays hide-and-seek between the groves of pines and cottonwoods, or beneath high banks. Five miles down, the cañon plunges into a mass of hills which stretch far eastward, fifty miles to the plains.

Life at Shetland Ranch is all that wealth and culture can make it. A warm-hearted host and beautiful hostess dispense charming hospitality. Lovely drives and walks, splendid trout fishing at the very door, delicious mountain trout, books and newspapers in profusion, quiet afternoons on the veranda drinking in the beauties of the scenery and the pure and invigorating mountain air, delightful evenings before a blazing hearth—for



ROARING CREEK, COLORADO.



FALLS OF CACHE LA POUDE, COLORADO.

the nights are cool, even in midsummer in this mountain retreat—and then long nights of perfect rest!

How quiet the mornings are! The low-voiced birds sing and twitter in the thickets; there is a subdued hum of insects in the meadows and on the hillsides; the tinkle of a cow-bell is faintly heard far up the mountain side, where a lusty herd is feeding, and a bunch of nimble Shetland ponies scamper along the rocky glens. The lowing of kine or the neigh of a horse is heard from time to time, but how dwarfed are all these sounds in this boundless wealth of nature!

As the noon draws near, we hear the low rumble of distant thunder. Glancing upward over the summits of the mountains, we see gathering there dark masses of clouds. How rapidly they roll and

gather, and how the thunder peals—louder and louder! The great hills themselves now seem dwarfed in comparison to the mighty voice of the coming tempest. And now comes the Storm King, raging down the cañon. Darkness falls over the stricken valley like a pall, only to be rent and riven by flashes of vivid lightning. Each flash is followed by a deafening crash of thunder, that shakes the hills to their very foundation and echoes and re-echoes among the mountain tops, multiplied tenfold by the reverberation. The rain comes down in torrents, and the wind drives it furiously against the window panes.

Conversation in such an uproar is impossible, and we sit mutely waiting for the tempest to pass. Soon the thunder rolls off down the cañon and dies in the distance. The sky clears and the sun comes out and fills the valley with gladness. Great banks of fleecy, golden clouds are piled up over the hills in the east, where the pyrotechnics of the tempest are still playing. The birds sing with increased liveliness, and the bees hum contentedly again among the

flowers and vines. All the little rivulets, that lead down from the mountain sides and feed the larger stream, are dancing and dashing merrily over the rocks, and the whole valley has put on a new dress of green and decked itself with sparkling jewels.

Roaring Creek, that comes tumbling down the steep hillside in the rear of the Shetland Ranch house, is on a grand frolic and is leaping, foaming and dashing its brains out on the ragged ledges that lie in its precipitous pathway. The storm has swollen its torrent, and all the little kindred streams are constantly adding to its volume, so that by the time it reaches level ground it rushes on with headlong impetuosity. But here it no longer serves an office of artistic interest, but is made to serve the uses of man. A

part is turned into a lateral which leads to the corrals and furnishes water for the stock in the paddocks; another part is turned into a second lateral which leads out into a field of alfalfa and is for irrigating, while a third stream is turned down to the house, where it furnishes a never-ending supply of cool, sweet water for domestic purposes.

Night comes before the dampness of the storm has passed away and the air is cool, moist and heavy with fragrance. From out the wooded gulches and pressing down from the hillsides come the pungent smell of pines and of spruce, the scent of wild flowers and the mouldy smell of rich earth. From the table-lands and meadows rises the odor of wild sage. As the darkness deepens, the sound of the river grows louder, not only from increase in its volume caused by the cloud-burst in the mountains, but also from the subtle influence of night and darkness upon the senses of the listener. The sound rises and falls fitfully upon the freshening breeze. The stars come blinking out like bright eyes that have been asleep, and spangle the deep blue sky with patens of gold. Soon the eastern sky brightens with a golden glow and

the broad disk of the full moon lifts above the horizon, and casts a mild radiance over the great hill country. The tall shadows of the peaks streak across the cañon, filling it with wild fantastic shadows. The cañon, the hills and the valleys to the eastward are dimly visible through a veil of misty moonlight.

Westward a scene of startling beauty is presented. A great crescent of silver spans the cañon, so filmy that the shapes of the mountains beyond are still visible. It is a lunar rainbow, one of the most beautiful phenomena of nature. There is a slight shower falling far up the cañon and the light of the moon falling upon the spray produces this fine effect.

One day we make a trip up the valley fourteen miles to Chambers' Lake. It is a continuation of nature's rugged pathway over the mighty mountain range. The cañon winds sinuously through the mountains like a great snake. Each turn reveals a new and delightful scene. Frequently the hills fall away and show the blue steepes of the main range, their snow-clad peaks rising above the clouds, clear and cold in the brilliant sunlight. The road grows more rocky and the cañon narrows down to a ledgy gorge. We



SHETLAND RANCH, COLORADO.

pass the grand falls of the Cache la Poudre, where the whole body of the river thunders through a deep channel that has been worn deep by the constant pounding of the waters for ages. The scene grows more wild and rugged. The bottom of the cañon is strewn with huge boulders that have rolled down from the mountain sides, displaced by the irresistible elements. The rock-ribbed hillsides are covered with dead trees, some standing stark and others lying in wild confusion. In years past devastating forest fires have swept through these regions strewing their pathway with ruin. As we climb higher and higher we command a magnificent view to the eastward. Fifty miles of mountains lie between us and the plains and the eye can almost span them and discern the green and brown sea of prairie beyond.

Ten thousand feet above the sea level, and set within a group of Alpine heights, lies Chambers' Lake, clear and cold and crystalline. Its waters are so pure that

the bottom can be seen at a great depth and in its placid glassy face are mirrored the surrounding steeps. Clark's Peak and Cameron's Peak rise three thousand feet above the lake, lying to the north and west. Across the lake is heard the steady and never ending roar of Fall River. This noisy stream is fed from the melting snows on the summit of Clark's Peak, and tumbles with irresistible impetuosity down the steep mountain side and empties into the lake. Were it not for the sound of this stream, silence would reign complete, save when the wind rises and mourns through the dense pine forests that surround the lake. The scene is indeed inspiring. Solitude and infinity are completely typified. The commanding heights, the immensity of the mountains, the clear and rarified atmosphere, the brilliant sky and vivid living light of heaven, the magnificent scenery that spreads on every side, cannot but inspire the dulllest nature. It is the crowning glory of the Valley Beautiful.



A DAINY MAID.

ONE April day I chanced to meet
A dainty maid with tripping feet,
And flower-face so quaintly sweet.

And when she laughed I thought I heard
The twitterings of a singing bird,—
It was a lark's song, word for word.

Where'er she stepped, wee blossoms fair,
And fern, and vine and maidenhair,
Bloomed into life with fragrance rare.

Through interwoven sunshine lace
Of golden gleams, with timid grace
Peeped forth a dew-wet violet face.

The scented air thrilled with a gush
Of melody from wren and thrush,—
And ah, the grass, how green and lush!

"Oh, tell me, dainty maid, I pray,
What spell you weave this April day,
And are you sprite or, dreamland fay?"

"At my command the glad birds sing;
Sweet floral offerings, too, I bring,—
And these dear subjects call me Spring."

May Phillips Tatro.

ACROSS COUNTRY IN A VAN.

THROUGH MISSOURI, KANSAS, OKLAHOMA AND TEXAS, AND INTO OLD MEXICO.

BY MARY AVIS SCOTT.

III.

WE ENTERED the Big Indian Territory just south of Coffeyville, about three o'clock on a bright November afternoon. The sun was shining. The wide roads of nature's building, the green fields, the glorious atmosphere, all united to please the eye and invigorate the senses. Evidently we had reached the South! Not, perhaps, the land of perpetual summer,—a slight nip to the air suggested otherwise,—but at any rate the land of green fields, wide views, and glorious sunsets. For, as we looked, the sun began to shed upon us a parting radiance, quite dazzling in its gorgeousness. As far as the eye could reach, the brilliant colors, presaging gloom, cast their glories over all. But who can describe a sunset! When I have told of the hues of purple and mauve, the various shades of red and the overtone of gold, have I pictured the sunset?

A few miles introduced us to our first Cherokee acquaintances—a freedman and his family, who, by treaty between his government and ours, became a citizen of this Nation. The head of this family, a negro of but ordinary attainments, controls about 600 acres of as fine land as can anywhere be found, and owns some property in Kansas, presumably bought

with the earnings of his Indian claim. He has daughters whom he educates in the common branches and in music. He rents land to poor white men, who are to some extent dependent on his bounty.

Though a land-holder of equal right and claim with the native born Indian, it is only in the Creek Nation that the negro is the recipient of any social consideration.

The next morning we crossed Possum Creek by fording, and the railway by going under it, and had such fine roads, notwithstanding a total absence of bridges and man-worked highways, that we traveled thirty-seven miles between the hours of 8:15 A. M. and 4:45 P. M. This brought us, near Talala, to one of the finest sulphur wells in existence anywhere. Here we camped for several days, enjoying



CAMP ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER, NEAR MUSCOGEE, INDIAN TERRITORY
—COLONEL SCOTT'S VAN ON THE RIGHT.



THE MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS RAILROAD BRIDGE,
NEAR MUSCOGEE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

to the utmost the excellent water, so strongly impregnated with minerals that a few minutes would suffice to blacken a tin vessel containing it.

On leaving this well we followed a most picturesque road which, without regard to points of compass or divisions of property, pursued its own untrammelled way, seemingly in the footsteps of the cow-boy, or perhaps the wild Indian of the long ago. It is the old trail to the South, and, like all roads in the Territory (which we were told by an inhabitant "are as God made them"), depends entirely upon climatic conditions and amount of travel for its passability or impassability. In fact, we were not infrequently reminded of the historic inquiry, "Is the route practicable?" and the reply, "It is barely possible to pass." And, like the Little Corporal, we were not deterred by this "bare possibility," but "pushed on" with all our might, thankful when the rivers were low and the banks not too steep, and, more especially, that "the Lord did make His face to shine upon us" in the way of pleasant weather.

The railway towns through which we passed, with the exception of the two or

three I shall mention later, are scarcely towns, but are mere hamlets or villages, with the inevitable general store and blacksmith shop, but often little else,—a place where produce may be exchanged, but where no life or business is.

Our Thanksgiving festival we spent most happily in an Indian home, the elegant buildings and furnishings of which surprised us at the time, but have since become so familiar to us that we look upon refined surroundings, books and music,

as the not unnatural environment for many of the owners of this rich land.

A few days then brought us to the Creek Nation. Here we were induced to draw comparisons between the Nations and soon learned the distinctive characteristics are as various as must always be the case in comparing peoples of different breeding and training. The Creeks differ from their Cherokee neighbors in being largely intermarried with the negroes and are, as a consequence of the cross, a somewhat inferior race. It was not until we reached the southern part of the Nation that we found Creeks of purer Indian (or Indian and Caucasian) blood, and met men of intellect, refinement and pleasing physique. From Wagoner it is not far to Muscogee, a distance one could easily plan to compass in a day; but "Man proposes, God (or the weather) disposes."

We reached the banks of the Arkansas river on the last day of November, as pretty a day as nature can produce or man desire. With a hot sun to warm and cheer, and for surroundings the fields of cotton and corn and the natural forests of oak and elm, with occasional bright

spots where the cardinal Christmas berry gleams among the brown; and for a canopy the shining mistletoe with its pearly berries interposing but a faint resistance to the fierceness of the southern sun, how charming was the place and the day! It was not our desire to camp here, yet camp we did. We encountered a mighty barrier to further progress in the floating ice that the frosts and thaws of Oklahoma thrust upon us. And for two days we camped upon the banks and watched the ice run out, knowing not what day or hour would bring release. For him who waits comes every good thing.

On the second of December we crossed the river. Three miles and an hour's time carried us to Muskogee, the first town of any consequence in the Territory, the metropolis of the Creek Nation and the seat of the Federal power.

In Muskogee we had for a neighbor Aunt Betty, a genuine Southern negro of the old plantation species, who, with accustomed freedom, inquired into all our comings and goings and entertained us vastly with her political harangues. It seems "Mawse Gawge" was quite an oracle and, although fighting valiantly for his property as a brave man should, prophesied not inaccurately, as a smart man might, the final downfall of the cause in which he worked. It is wonderful how credulous of her own yarns an old-time negress can be! Aunt Betty did not fancy being mistaken for a Creek and indignantly informed us, "Law sakes, no, chile! I aint no Creek! I's a States nigger."

But Aunt Betty reached the height of her curiosity and verbosity when she saw our callers come and go.



FERRY OVER THE ARKANSAS RIVER, NEAR THE MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS RAILROAD BRIDGE.

"Who dem folks come to see you in dey kerridge?"

On being told, she ejaculated, "You don't say! I tawt dat who dey was! And dey all come to see you all! Land sakes! Dey knows de quality when dey sees 'em sure nuff!"—which restored our confidence in ourselves. But O, what a horrible washing our entertaining neighbor inflicted upon us.

Muskogee is a town of much wealth, business enterprise and social culture. During our stay a literary and musical coterie of unusual ability furnished an entertainment of rare excellence, and the interest and enthusiasm of the audience marked its discerning appreciation.

We spent an hour in the United States court room, and heard the sentence of an Indian woman for bootlegging. She was given one year, with the promise of the extreme penalty of the law, five years at hard labor, for the next offense, as an inducement to keep from out the clutches of the law hereafter, and escape the expense of a fifth trial for the same crime,—the whole of which was received by her with studied and stolid indifference.

As we left Muscogee we passed Council Hill, the old Creek council ground, a mound of unusual distinctness. After passing through Eufala, a thrifty little town, we encountered the worst roads of our journey—roads which have been worn into deep ruts by much travel, or by many rains have been washed into gullies, and in other places heaped with stones, which so thickly overlaid each other that much of the way is a natural stairway.

In the Choctaw Nation, which lies south of the Canadian River, we found roads of this character varied with heavily timbered lands, through which the trail was often marked by blazes on the trees, and where the sand lay so thick upon the track that we needs must travel but slowly. We were the greater part of two days slowly wending our way through this wooded region, but the enchanting weather and the luxury of a camp-fire built along the entire extent of a fallen tree, giving us a fire of one hundred feet in length and so perfectly lighting the still night, did much to relieve the tedium of the drive.

In fording Coal Creek, which we found to be deep and muddy, with precipitous and sidling banks on either side for our wagon to descend and climb, we were led to wonder wherein the Indians distinguish between a creek and a river.

McAlester and South McAlester are towns of much interest, particularly the latter, which is disputing with Muscogee the claim to being the first town of the Territory. We saw here stores of greater magnitude than are to be found in towns of double the population in the States, and were able to purchase in South McAlester a genuine Navajo blanket, which shall be a souvenir of our trip.

Limestone Gap, although a railroad station, has no town nor village; but the gap, a short distance beyond the station, is the most picturesque bit of scenery that has yet met our eyes. The deep cut in what was originally a huge point of limestone rock, the gleaming white of which contrasts so well with the vivid green of the

alkali stream at its base, is very pleasing to the eye.

Upon the bottom lands of the several Boggies and the Blue River, the natural timber is chiefly oak and Bois d' Arc, (called by the natives *bow-dock*, and known to me previously as the osage orange,) with a very large sprinkling of pecan and sycamore. The Bois d' Arc is a very hard wood of a brilliant and vivid yellow tint and, in this locality, grows to an immense size, some trees more than three feet in diameter. On the banks of Blue River we also saw immature patches of cane such as form the brakes of the rich bottoms farther south, where the runaway negro slave was one time wont to hide. The specimens we found here would, however, have been no shelter, for they were scarcely three feet high. A few unhealthy looking live oaks we have seen; some fine coffee-nut trees, with many cedars and pines; but as yet the vegetation has not a truly Southern character.

A very small portion of the Chickasaw Nation, and one Chickasaw town lay in our route, but showed us nothing which we noted as peculiar or different from our previous experiences.

At Red River we left the Territory for the Big State.

The trip has been a continual revelation, a series of surprises. It has brought to our knowledge the interests, resources and general character of the land and the people, as a trip by rail could not do. Having been but a few years ago over identically the same ground we have just crossed, it still remains to be told that never before were we really in the Territory nor among the Indians. I had formed no proper notion of this unique spot of fertile lands which lies so largely, but irregularly, to the west of Arkansas, with its five principal Nations occupying such unequal portions, and the six little Nations almost lost in the northeast corner of the Cherokee strip. The Choctaws have by far the larger part of the allotted lands, claiming nearly or quite ten thousand square miles. The Cherokees and

Chickasaws have each about six thousand, with the Creeks owning less than five thousand, and the Seminoles a poor little strip of not more than five hundred and fifty square miles. The little corner devoted to the Quapaws, Peorias, Ottawas, Shawnees, Wyandottes and Senecas does not, all told, contain six hundred square miles.

Just why the land has been so allotted I can not say, but that there is no complaint very nearly proves the justice of the division.

The form of government is quite unlike that of any other portion of the United States. Not a State, and as little a Territory, it is a system of Nations within a Nation. With nothing to in any way infringe upon the power of the Federal Government, always supreme, each petty Nation is yet a government of itself, complete in all its branches. Each Nation has its executive (called president or chief), its treasurer and secretary, its legislative council, judicial branch, educational system, etc. The laws are inadequate, and are frequently repealed and changed; but, such as they are, they serve for the conduct of the Nation. The Federal Government does not in the least interfere with the home government, and settles legal difficulties and irregularities only when they are infringements of the Federal law, or are controversies between so-called whites and Indians. The inadequacy of the laws is illustrated by the result of a ball game between two rival counties in the Choctaw Nation, in which bitter feeling was engendered and a fight with bats ensued, wherein two men were killed and several seriously injured. A local paper commented as follows:

No arrests will follow, as the Indians have no law to punish a man for killing another in a ball game. No firearms or knives were used.

Of the Territory, as we saw it in crossing from the northern to the southern limits, much may be said. It is truly a

beautiful land; the soil is varied, but, for the most part, remarkably fertile. In the northern portion, the vast extent of prairie, broken by the frequent earth mounds rising with most perpendicular directness from the level sea of green, and in the south the rocks and forests of the mineral regions, are almost equally restful, as they are nearly equal in financial value.

As to the Indian himself, we have scarcely seen him. He is no longer the wild outcast from civilization, nor does he carry the distinctive features of his race. So mixed with white and other blood is he that it may almost be said he does not exist.

There are a very few full-bloods yet living in the Territory; but they are not seen in town nor near the highways but in the remote districts, and even they are not enwrapped in blankets, but are christianized, fairly educated and comfortably clothed. The red man as we know him is not unlike or different from the average man, wherever he may exist. In the Territory as elsewhere in our journey, the people we met socially were those we would meet in the Middle-West, were we strangers there intent on knowledge seeking. We met people of refinement and culture who read the books we read, and love the music we love, and whose general environment is identical with our own (own being here interpreted "white"). The house servant and field laborer is often white and lives satisfied in his servants' quarters apart from the dwelling. This is the top; there are the descending stages until the dirty, ignorant and unambitious creature is met. But of this class I saw no more than I would see at home. I met only such Indians as are illustrating the fact that *the Indian is not*, and that the citizens of this great Republic may soon be known by their social and intellectual attainments rather than their race or color, be it red, white or black.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XVI.

ON TO THE CITY OF MEXICO—THE MEX-
ICAN DEFENSES FLANKED—BATTLES
BEFORE THE CITY—CONTRERAS,
ANTONIA, CHERUBUSCO, MO-
LINO DEL REY AND CHA-
PULTEPEC.

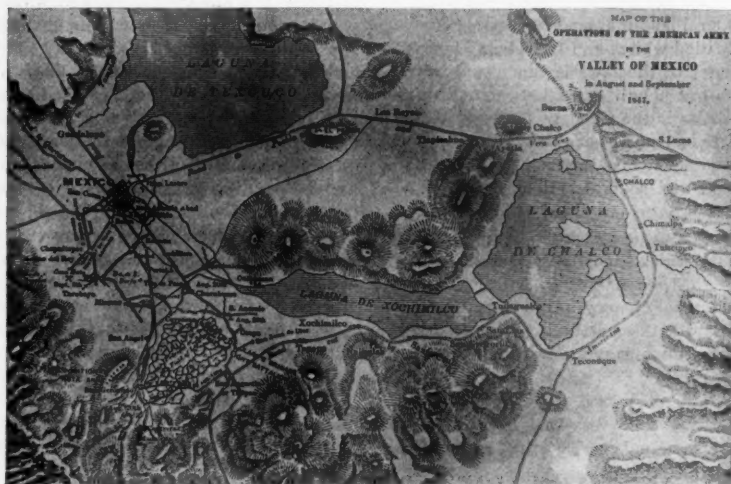
MEANTIME, Lieutenant Grant and other officers visited Cholula and the adjacent country. At the time of Cortez this city contained a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, but under the curse that almost everywhere followed his trail, the goodly city dwindled, and its ancient grandeur gradually vanished until it had become as lifeless as ancient Thebes. Grant was enthusiastic in his admiration of this delightful plateau. The air is pure and bright, and of that happy temperature that makes mere living a delight.

One day as the army was marching leisurely along, Grant was with a group of officers, and as they moved forward and

admired the many objects of interest, General Scott and staff rode up, and they also fell under the spell of beauty. Scott was asked what object most appealed to his imagination. "I differ from you all," he replied. "My greatest delight is in this magnificent body of troops, without whom we can never sleep in the halls of the Montezumas." And they were all silent at this practical turn to their thoughts.

Scott's army at Puebla had been reduced to 4,500 men, and it was in the midst of an enemy's country. During this delay, the Cabinet at Washington had grown anxious. If Mexico were conquered what was to be done with the fruits of victory?

There was not so much fear of failure in arms as of dangerous results in peace. What could be done? How could so strange a population be governed? What would be the result politically? Uncertainty and apprehension induced the administration of President Polk to

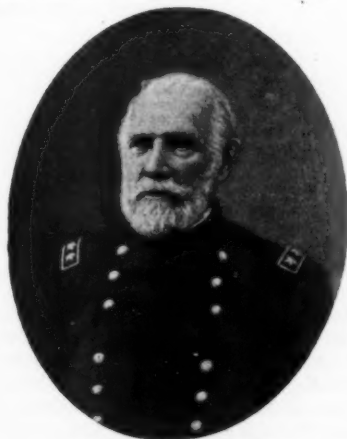


constantly hold out proffers of amity and an honorable peace.

Animated by this feeling, the President appointed Mr. Nicholas P. Trist as Commissioner near the seat of war, and sent him on from Washington to negotiate a treaty of peace whenever the Mexican Government should manifest a desire for an accommodation. Mr. Trist arrived at Jalapa soon after the army had advanced to Puebla, and remained with the army thenceforth to the close of the war.

Reinforcements arrived. Scott's army, on August 6, 1847, numbered 14,009. Of these he left in hospital, and to garrison Puebla, 3,261. On that day began his advance toward the City of Mexico with 10,748 men, as shown by the returns in the War Department.

On the 5th of August a council of war was held, at which were present General Scott, Major-Generals Pillow, Worth, and Quitman, and Brigadier-Generals Cadwallader, Twiggs and Shields. These were the Division and Brigade Commanders. At this council Scott laid down and minutely explained every detail of



MAJOR GENERAL HARNEY,
The Colonel Harney of the Mexican War.

his intended campaign for the capture of the Capital. The particular part each division and brigade was to perform was defined with much detail, and with very

slight departure from the plan he had formed and pressed upon the administration before he left Washington. Military men have not ceased to regard it as one of the most remarkable among the many remarkable characteristics of the campaign, that plans, formed thousands of miles distant, in so many of their minute details should have been carried into effect.

During the delays, Grant had not wasted any time. Aside from his duties as Quartermaster and Commissary, and the time he spent with the Fourth Infantry, he came in contact with many Mexicans who had traveled extensively as freighters throughout all the region to be

traversed by our army, and had become master of about all that could be learned from such intercourse, as to the country's topography and geography. There was not a stream, not a road, not an elevation on the route, that Grant did not have marked on his map. This information was freely transmitted to his superiors, and they in turn sympathized with Grant's interested desire to know what were to be the movements of the army, and he was kept better informed of prospective plans and intended operations than a young officer of his rank would otherwise have been. No doubt this relation established with his superiors did much to broaden his mind and give him a more masterful grasp of great combinations and the advantage of swift movement as a means of military success in the field.

The following incident will help to illustrate the extent to which these characteristics and qualities of Grant were appreciated by his superiors. It became necessary, a short time before the advance from Puebla to the City of Mexico, to send a large train a considerable distance into the country, more than a two-days' march, to capture forage and other supplies. To go on this dangerous mission, General Scott selected Grant.

With a force of less than a thousand men, the young lieutenant conducted his train safely, loaded it with supplies, and returned in safety, having had several skirmishes, without the loss of a team or a wagon.

General Scott proceeded with the advanced division under Twiggs, and the divisions followed, leaving ample room for free movement, yet close enough for prompt support in case of attack.

The march was through a beautiful, rolling country, filled with gardens that supplied the city with vegetables.

The road passed over the Anahuac range of the Cordilleras, and from many points some of the most beautiful scenery in the world came into view.

Nearly forty miles to the south, was the snow-capped Popocatepetl, with its

twin summit Iztaccihuatl, whose brows, far above the region of perpetual frost, rise eighteen thousand feet in isolated majesty. The army marched beneath these sublime summits, and in sight of the ruins of Cholula and Tlascala.

Gradually the road ascended through mountains, now covered with forest, and little lakes interspersed in the valleys. The army ascended a height of ten thousand feet amidst the Cordilleras, where the thirsty soldiers were refreshed by the icy-cold water of a little stream whose source was in the Snow Mountains.

They reached the pass of the Rio Frio, and at this point resistance was anticipated. The mountains closed in and overhung the road, offering great possibilities of defense. Signs of preparation were seen, but they had been abandoned and no enemy was encountered. A few miles farther on they passed over the crest of the mountain, where suddenly burst upon their vision the brilliant scenery of the Valley of Mexico. The view is one of the most beautiful and picturesque in the world.

A writer, with the army at the time, described it thus:

"When all were nearly worn out, a sudden turn in the road brought to our view a sight which none can ever forget. The whole vast plain of Mexico was before us! The coolness of the air, which was most sensibly felt at this great height, our fatigue and danger were all forgotten, and our eyes were the only sense that thought of enjoyment. Mexico, with its lofty steeples and its checkered domes—its bright reality and its former fame—its modern splendor and its ancient magnificence, was before us; while around on every side, its many lakes seemed like silver stars on a velvet mantle."

The army was on the great road from Puebla to Mexico, which passed the side of Lake Chalco, and between that and Lake Tezcuco. Thus far it had met no enemy. Whether the city could be successfully approached by the National road, or whether it would have to be approached from the south and southwest, was the unsolved problem. To determine this, a reconnaissance was ordered by the rifle regiment and three companies of cavalry under Colonel Harney. It was successfully accomplished. After marching in many directions, over ground deemed impassable to man or beast; over jagged

rocks and steep acclivities on one side, and quagmires and lagoons on the other; in front, frowning batteries and breast-works bristling with bayonets at every point of vantage; and, having strangely failed of being attacked, at midnight the troops returned to camp. General Scott declared it to be the boldest reconnoissance of the war.

Grant's regiment was not with Colonel Harney's force; but, after he had started, the desire to accompany it seized him, and he rode up to Garland's headquarters and asked permission to go. Garland answered him that, "if it were not attacked, the force was already large enough, and, if it should be attacked, there were already more than we could afford to have killed," and without any direct "yes" or "no" he turned away. Grant construed his superior's words to mean that if he chose to assume the responsibility of leaving his post, and wished, himself, to take the chances, he might do as he pleased. Grant pressed spurs to his horse, galloped off, and soon joined the cavalry of Colonel Harney in the advance.

Speaking of this episode during his farmer days, Grant said it was a day full of surprises and dangers. The dangers were run upon in unexpected and unforeseen places, but by rapid evolutions and great diligence the force escaped injury.

"In floundering through lagoons and quagmires," said Grant, "there was no place on any horse or rider, from the shoes on our horses' feet to the top of our caps, that was not besmeared with mud."

The writer suggested that owing to this change in their uniforms and the color of their horses the Mexicans probably failed to recognize them, and to this they may have owed their immunity and escape. He only answered that he could not fathom a Mexican's mind nor account for his failure to shoot at an enemy when he had so good an opportunity.

The reconnoissance demonstrated that the city could not be successfully attacked by the National Road route, owing to the

water and mud, the narrow causeways, the impossibility of deploying the attacking force, and the formidable defenses at every possible point. The army was, thereupon, at once put in motion to flank the Mexican defenses.

The City of Mexico is situated in an immense valley, once filled with a great inland fresh-water sea, which gradually subsided into the narrower limits of several smaller lakes. The city was originally built on the shallows of these lakes and the streets were then canals; and, even up to the time of the advent of Cortez, many of these were still used. By the partial destruction of the city at various times, these canals have been mainly filled and converted into streets. By constant filling, and by the ceaseless subsidence of the waters of the lakes, much of the city is now on dry land. This gradual subsidence of the waters left wide marshes and boggy margins. Through these, and connecting the different lakes, ran canals in many directions, and the land approaches to the city, from the east and south especially, were over long and narrow causeways.

Then the spurs of the mountains on the south of the lakes came down to their soft margins. On these causeways the Mexicans had constructed strong, defensive works that could not be directly attacked in front because of their inaccessibility. It was now General Scott's task to flank these works, pass to the southwest of the city and attack it on dry ground.

The movement was pushed with promptness. In order to be as free as possible to move with the advance, Grant had parked his quartermaster and commissary wagons with those of the brigade and division, and took his part in all the movements and skirmishings of the advance.

Such roads as existed were under the guns of the enemy, and a passable way had to be made, out of range, over spurs of the mountains, and through the terrible *pedregal*, or sharp, broken stones or lava, hitherto deemed practically impassable. But under direction of the skilled and



From an old engraving.

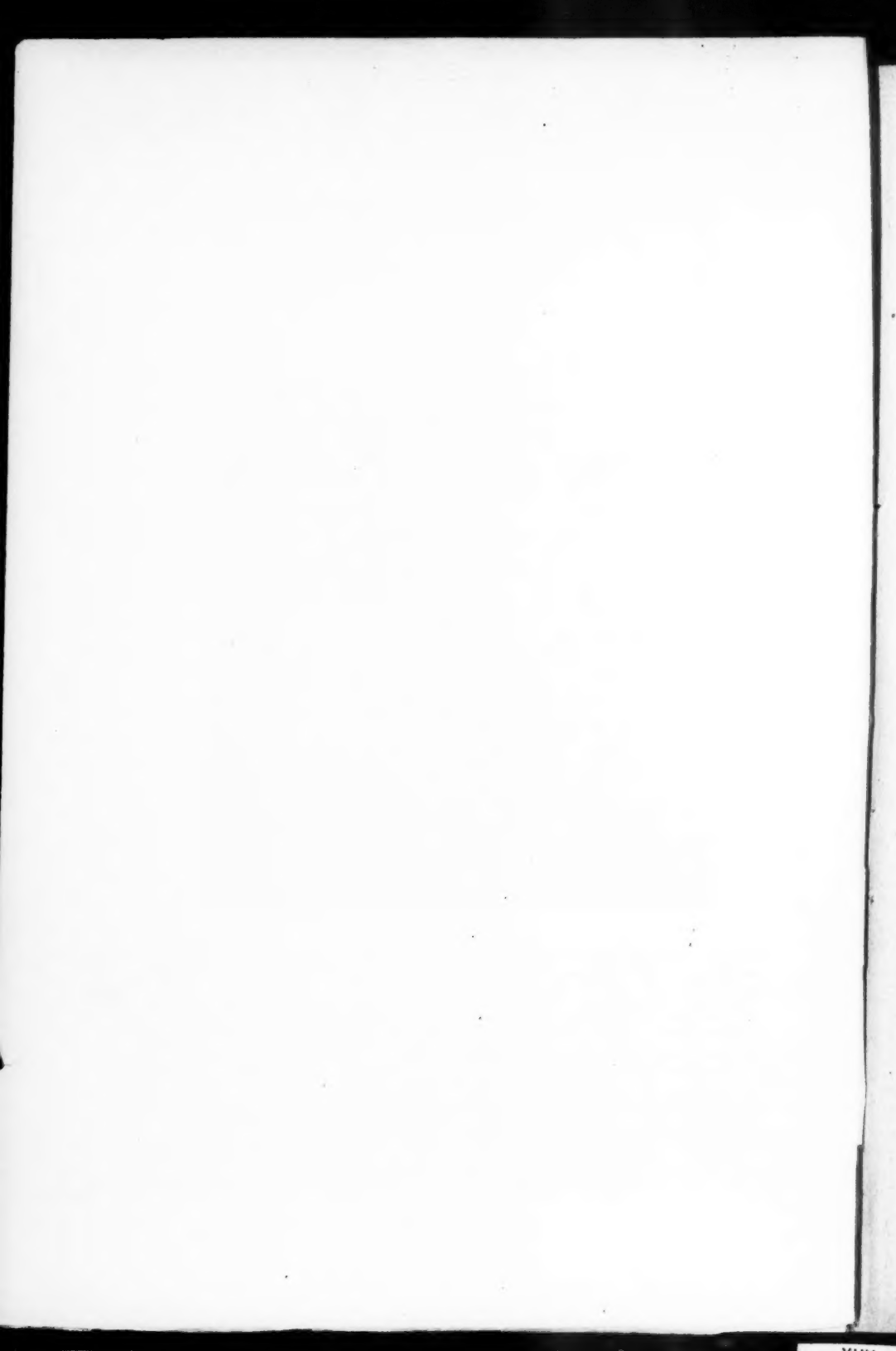
GENERAL SCOTT.

energetic engineer corps, it was accomplished in a single day and night.

On the 19th the strong position of Contreras, defended by the Mexican General Valencia with 7,000 men and twenty-two pieces of artillery, was attacked. The nature of the ground prevented the works being stormed, and Magruder was able to bring only three of his guns into action. Two of these were soon disabled by the enemy's fire. For two hours the attacking force stood, or lay, before this devas-

tating storm of shot and shell. Quite a number were killed, and many horses were disabled. Seeing that the position could not be successfully assailed from this point, Scott withdrew his men out of range, and planned an attack in the rear.

Grant's brigade was not engaged, and while this battle was in progress, the young lieutenant had climbed to an elevation some distance from the place where General Scott was viewing the action. With a powerful glass he carefully searched the whole field of activity,



and discovered a movement of the enemy in the distance, which he thought meant the reinforcement of Contreras by troops from the city. He immediately informed General Scott. The General could not see the movement from his point of view, but, accepting Grant's statement of the situation, he immediately planned a flank and rear attack.

After the close of the engagement, General Scott ordered a portion of the army, under Generals Shields, Persifer F. Smith and Cadwallader, to attack the enemy's position in the rear at early dawn on the following morning. During a heavy rain, in the darkness of night, their forces crawled through chaparral and cacti and over sharp, broken stones to a position in the rear of the enemy, on the opposite side of the ridge upon which his works were constructed, and lay there until morning dawned.

General Smith walked along the irregular line of prostrate men, as they lay on their arms, at three o'clock in the morning, and quietly repeated the words, "Ready, men!" as he moved from point to point. The sleeping force instantly

became animate; every piece was reloaded and all was ready.

The order came, "Forward!" and as the crest was reached, "Double-quick!" rang out. The line sprang forward, and in a minute was upon the enemy's works, and the quick, sharp report of hundreds of rifles startled the Mexicans. Before they could turn their cannon effectually, our men were upon them, and a hand-to-hand battle raged with great fury. Firing was ceaseless, bayonets were plied with ruthless energy, and amidst the din of the cheering, the fury of the onset and the rattle of musketry, the heavy thud of the musket-stock, as it fell on the heads of the enemy, was heard on every side. The Mexicans had neither time nor opportunity to use their artillery on the assaulting column. The very fierceness of the attack made it the shorter. The enemy fled in the utmost confusion, and was pursued by other regiments sent by General Scott to cut off the retreat.

Salas, Mendoza, Garcia and Guadalupe, among the principal Mexican Generals, were captured, and the two brass cannon which Santa Anna had taken



The Church of San Fernando, from the belfry of which Lieutenant Grant fired the howitzer.—The two crosses near the small window in the belfry were made by Consul-General Crittenden to indicate where two cannon-balls struck the belfry in the attempt of the Mexicans to dislodge their unknown enemy and silence his gun.

from General Taylor at Buena Vista, were recaptured, to the great joy of the men who had lost them in that action.

Meantime, Grant, with his brigade, under Garland, was moving rapidly to attack Antonia and its defenses, and soon captured that position, and then, joining Clark's brigade a few hundred yards beyond, moved in hot pursuit of the enemy toward Churubusco. Grant was in the thickest of the fray at Antonia, and in the hottest of the assault on Churubusco.

All the divisions of Scott's army were in rapid motion toward Churubusco by 8 o'clock A. M., the two battles of Contreras and Antonia having been fought and won before that hour.

There were two especially strong points which had to be attacked and carried by assault,—the first one was the *Tete du Pont* (bridge-head), consisting of two bastions with flanks, which had been constructed with much skill across the main causeway in front of the bridge over the Churubusco River. It was strongly garrisoned and defended by batteries.

The second was the Convent Church, which stands about six hundred yards to the west and near the river. On the outside of this church or convent were stone walls; next to these a stone building or fortification with walls rising higher than the outer ones, and high above all, the massive stone church. The outer walls were pierced with two ranges of embrasures, commanding the surrounding country with a raking fire, for it constituted an outer field-work, surrounding fortifications within.

By one o'clock the entire Mexican army was in position. Santa Anna was in personal command, and had either in line or at supporting distance, 25,000 men. Most of these were raw troops, having been hastily recruited from all quarters, and from all ranks and conditions.

Grant was with Garland in the fierce attack on the *Tete du Pont*, by Worth's division. Garland and Clark's brigades advanced in front of the works under the fire of batteries and a long line of in-

fantry, and they suffered much. The works were charged and carried by the bayonet. The deep ditch had to be crossed, and the works surmounted by sheer climbing. The storming parties entered the works and the enemy hastily retreated on the road towards the city.

While this conflict was in progress, General Twiggs had begun the attack on the Citadel of Churubusco, consisting, as before stated, of the fortified church and hacienda. Here the battle raged still more fiercely, and it was more bloody and eventful. From the loop-holes of the church, from the pierced walls constituting an extensive field-work surrounding it, and from seven pieces of artillery, well manned and well served by the bravest men in the Mexican army, poured forth one continuous storm of death-dealing shot and shell, sweeping every part of the field.

Far over to the left, the division of General Shields was engaged in a death-grapple with the great Santa Anna. The latter, confident of crushing the American forces, charged many times with masses of infantry and 3,000 choice cavalry, only to find the ranks of the invaders invincible.

A lurid canopy of sulphurous smoke rose over the heads of the struggling combatants, lighted up by the quick flashes of many guns, and far over the plains of ancient Mexico echoed the roar of cannon and the clash of arms,—that awful music which makes the sound of battle the prelude of death, and proclaims the anger and ferocity of enraged nations.

The most desperate defense was made by a company of deserters from the American army,—more than a hundred in number. They manned three pieces of artillery, and often tore down the white flag when hoisted by the Mexicans. Those who were captured were subsequently tried by court-martial and condemned, and sixteen of them were shot.

Before nightfall the citadel of Churubusco surrendered, the American flag floated from its flag-staff, and the entire

Mexican army was everywhere in full retreat, pursued by that redoubtable cavalryman, Colonel Harney, to the very gates of the city. Scott's fighting force but little exceeded 9,000; that of Santa Anna—allowing for exaggeration, which usually magnifies the numbers of an opposing army—certainly doubled those of Scott.

The loss was very heavy,—1,100 Americans and probably 2,500 Mexicans. Twenty-six hundred Mexicans were taken prisoners.

This put General Scott in complete possession of all the exterior defenses of the city, and of the roads and causeways leading into it; leaving only its walls and gates, and the castle of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey as barriers to the possession of the city.

The Spanish-Aztecs had reigned in this beautiful region for nearly three hundred years, and the lake of Tezcuco reflected back more than the splendors which had shone from the capital of the Montezumas. Here was their battle-field; and it could not be imagined that such a city and such an empire would be yielded without the fiercest resistance.

When Scott came upon the central scene, near the church or citadel, after the battle was over and the victory won, he was surrounded by his officers and men; he uncovered his head and gave them generous words of praise and thanks on behalf of himself and his country for their bravery. When he ceased, there went up tumultuous shouts and cheers from the men.

In a letter written by Lieutenant Grant, to a friend two days later, he said:

I wondered what must be the emotions of General Scott, thus surrounded by the plaudits of his army. The ovation was genuine, and from the hearts of his men. This has been the greatest battle of all, and it looks now as if the city would yield without another. May heaven grant it, for the slaughter of our men is greater than ever before, and worse than death is the awful suffering of the torn and wounded on both sides.

While the cheers were going up for General Scott, General Kincon, one of the captured Mexican prisoners confined in the church, was standing at a window leaning out; he uncovered his head, and his countenance lighted up, and his eyes sparkled with every manifestation of delight. I have no doubt but the old veteran, animated with the chivalrous instincts of the true soldier, when

he heard the plaudits which the General received from the brave men he had so recently led to victory, forgot that *he* was defeated and a prisoner, and for the moment entered into the enthusiasm of the occasion.

Interesting indeed it was, but what would have been the feelings of young Lieutenant Grant if he could then have caught a glimpse of the scene in Washington nineteen years later, when in that magnificent and triumphal Grand Review of all the armies of the Union, he was himself the recipient of the thanks and plaudits of hosts of his fellow countrymen and the praise of the on-looking world.

This series of five engagements on the 19th and 20th, all brilliantly fought and triumphantly won, constituted but the separate steps or parts of the one great battle for the possession of the Valley and City of Mexico.

In the midst of the demoralization and general confusion in the Mexican Army that followed these battles, General Scott could doubtless have stormed and captured the city; but it was hoped that by a little delay the Mexican Government might favorably respond to our overtures for peace, constantly held out to them. While, on the other hand, if driven from the city, the government itself might be so demoralized and discredited that treaty negotiations would be difficult, if not impossible. The army, therefore, rested on its laurels, nursed its wounds, and prepared for whatever contingency might arise.

For two days and nights, Lieutenant Grant rested and slept but little. Tireless in ministering to the wounded and suffering of his own brigade, and in searching out and bringing them together for hospital care and treatment, and with kind and tender words to the dying, he hastened over other fields of strife than those in which he had been engaged, assisting the removal of the wounded. As soon as this service was performed, and the wounded comfortably housed and treated, and the quartermaster and commissary departments securely located and replenished, Grant visited the battlefield and systematically examined every

position, and traced every movement, that he might fully comprehend all the tactical features of the campaign.

An armistice was agreed upon, and this gave him greater freedom of movement in his investigations. Before hostilities were renewed, there was no part of the field of operations which he had not carefully studied.

How far this persistent attention to practical object-lessons, and the careful study of tactics and strategy as applied by the then greatest American soldier, helped to enlarge his mind, and how much it contributed to his own matchless success in later years, one cannot say; but that it aided much to develop his genius, no one can doubt. In a letter written by him during this armistice he said:

Too much blood has been shed. Is it ended, or will hostilities be resumed? We are prepared for either event. I have tried to study the plan of campaign which the army has pursued since we entered the Valley of Mexico, and in view of the great strength of the positions we have encountered and carried by storm, I am wondering whether there is not some other route by which the city could be captured, without meeting such formidable obstructions, and at such great losses. If I should criticize, it would be contrary to military ethics, therefore I do not. There is no force in Mexico that can resist this army. To fight is to conquer. The Mexicans fight well for a while, but they do not hold out. They fight and simply quit. Poor fellows; if they were well drilled, well fed and well paid, no doubt they would fight and persist in it; but, as it is, they are put to the slaughter without avail.

On the 7th of September, negotiations for peace having failed, the armistice ended by a notice from General Scott.

It was clear now that the inner defenses of the city must be captured by force. Santa Anna had availed himself of the time during the armistice to summon new troops and strengthen the remaining defenses.

In order to assail the Belan and San Casme gates and their bastions and redoubts, the great fortress and castle of Chapultepec must be first taken, for its guns would sweep the causeways and approaches to the gates and walls of the city.

Chapultepec is a rocky prominence, called in the Aztec language, "Grasshoppers' Hill." It rises from the former mar-

gin of the lake to a considerable height. It was the resort of the Aztec princes; was, and still is, the real site of the renowned "Halls of the Montezumas."

Here were, and still are, gardens, groves and grottoes,—the lingering remnants of that magnificence which adorned the ancient city. Here, also, the Spanish viceroys had their residence.

The buildings on the top of the hill were well fortified, and the base was nearly surrounded by a thick stone wall,—in fact, two stone walls a few rods apart. It was a dangerous and formidable position.

But General Scott determined first to capture Molino del Rey, and destroy what was reported to be a cannon foundry, and said to contain large stores of munitions. He attacked this position on September 8th. Garland's brigade assaulted the right of the enemy's works and carried them.

Grant was in the assaulting party and with the first who entered the works. With a portion of his company he charged with such impetuosity through one of the archways, under a shower of missiles, that he captured a number of prisoners, including several officers. Other portions of the army entered about the same time and thus kept the enemy from concentrating upon his small force and crushing it. Grant wheeled his men through the north side of the interior court and, turning, saw a number of armed Mexican officers and soldiers on top of the building but a few rods from his men. Not having any ladder or means of ascending the roof, he hesitated but a moment, for he was too ready in expedients to be long in inventing a device. He found an old cart not far away, and this, with the aid of some of his men, he ran against the wall, elevated the shafts, blocked the wheels to securely hold it in position, and thus converting the shafts into an improvised ladder which reached within a few feet of the top, he used his sailor-acquired skill to climb upon the roof, followed by a few of his men. When he reached the roof, he was surprised to find

that one of his private soldiers had just preceded him some other way.

There were quite a number of Mexicans on the roof, among them one major, and five or six captains and lieutenants who had not succeeded in escaping before the storming party got possession of the avenues of escape. They had been fighting from this point of vantage, and were still armed in full battle array, while the solitary soldier walked as sentry, guarding the prisoners he had surrounded all by himself!

Grant halted the sentinel, received the swords from the officers, and had his men break the muskets of the soldiers against the wall and throw them to the ground below.

To the left, the struggle was long, but at length the enemy retreated. The victory was one of the bloodiest recorded in American history. Nearly one-fourth of the attacking army were either killed or wounded.

To determine whether the city could be entered by some other causeway and avoid Chapultepec, Captain Lee and Lieutenants Beauregard, Stevens and Tower were sent to make reconnoissance of other approaches, but the report was not favorable.

The City of Mexico stands on a slight swell near the center of an irregular basin, and was girdled with a ditch in its greatest extent—a navigable canal of great width and depth—very difficult to bridge in the presence of an enemy, and serving at once for drainage, custom-house purposes, and military defense, having eight entrances or gates under massive arches, each of which was defended by strong works which only required a few determined men and guns to make impregnable. All the approaches to the city were over elevated causeways, flanked by ditches. These causeways in many places were cut and broken by the enemy to prevent our army from approaching.

It was determined that Chapultepec must be captured to clear the way. The

hill is 150 feet high, and the fort 900 feet in length.

Heavy batteries were placed in position and a terrific bombardment ensued the entire day and night of the 12th. The response of the enemy was equally vigorous. It was a memorable sight. Solid shot shattered the walls; burning fuses and exploding shells filled the air with circling streams of fire.

After describing the hard fighting and the movements of the different commands in the attack which continued for hours, and ended in the capture of the exterior works, General Scott says of the final assault:

The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry.

The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle above the fate that impended.

The enemy were speedily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who at a distance attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties; some of the leading spirits, first in the assault, were cast down—killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors were flung out from the upper walls, amidst long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.

While this was in progress on the heights, Grant was with Garland's brigade, fighting desperately at the western base of the elevation, where they stormed and captured a battery that was doing great execution. His company was first to gain the enemy's works, and the Fourth Regiment planted its flag on the parapet; then it swept on past Chapultepec, and attacked the enemy's line resting on the road to the city.

The enemy fled toward the city, and Worth's division—in which Grant served—pursued with energy, by the San Casme road, to the walls of the city, while Quitman pursued by the Belan road to its gate.

Here terrific fighting ensued, and the struggle went on with great fierceness

until, long after, night hid the combatants from view. Some lodgments had been gained, but the final struggle would have to wait the morning light.

It was in Worth's attack on the San Casme gate and redoubts supporting it that Lieutenant Grant did some independent *thinking* and *observing*, and exercised some generalship on his own responsibility.

As they approached San Casme gate and works, Grant was leading the foremost men. There were but two other officers with the advanced force—Lieutenants Judah and Gore. They crept in and out of the arches of the aqueduct and approached the walls and houses, from which an incessant fire was poured.

A single piece of Mexican artillery swept the open approaches, but Grant skipped across the roadway between discharges, crawled along stone walls enclosing houses, discovered a way by which this gun could be flanked and that particular position could be captured. He retraced his steps along the wall, called to his men who were protecting themselves under the arches, and while a portion of them kept the gun silent by sharp-shooting, the others ran across. With these he moved rapidly to the flanking position he had previously discovered, and soon drove the gun from its position. The Mexican infantry on the house-tops, supporting it, also retreated. The whole of Worth's division soon advanced to the front, and severe fighting ensued along the entire line. The roofs of the houses were all flat, and with sandbags upon them, and holes made through the walls; strange defensive positions abounded at every step, instinct with an active and unseen enemy. Later in the day, the enemy was reinforced, and Worth's progress for a time was severely checked, and his losses were considerable. In the bastions and redoubts about San Casme gate were a number of guns well served by the Mexican gunners, and the sharp-shooters were holding their positions with unusual stubbornness.

Grant, always alert in looking for any strategic move that would secure a point of vantage, was alert on this occasion, seeking some mode of silencing, or minimizing the effect of those stubborn batteries that were dealing out death about the San Casme gate.

His penetrating eye saw that if only some elevated point could be gained which would command or enfilade them, they could be silenced.

He discovered a church off to the south with a formidable-looking belfry, within easy cannon range of the San Casme batteries. He did not know how strongly it might be held by the enemy. But he could find out.

There never was, during any portion of Grant's military career, much time allowed to elapse between *thinking* and *acting*. He promptly made observations in company with half a dozen men, and in five minutes his plan was matured. He concluded he could reach the church by a difficult and circuitous route. There was a company of Voltigeurs not far away, with some mountain howitzers, not just then in action. He ran to a sub-officer of the battery and induced him and a few men to take one of the guns and hastily follow him. He left no intimation of his plans or purposes. All the open roadways were either in possession of, or commanded by, the enemy; hence Grant and his little force had to pass through fields and marshes, cut up with ditches and filthy lagoons, breast deep in water, and grown over with water-plants. Through these, and by many tortuous ways, Grant hurriedly led his little force, taking the howitzer to pieces to cross the ditches.

At length, wet to their shoulders, covered with moss and weeds and mud from the ditches and lowlands they had traversed, they reached the church door, happily to find it undefended. Grant knocked at the door with the handle of his sword. The door was soon unbarred and opened. There stood Grant with the point of his sword resting on the stone step, and a squad of Yankee soldiers

armed to the teeth, dripping with water and mud. The priest was alarmed and would have hastily closed the door had he not been prevented by the butt end of a musket, thrust in the opening. The roar of battle was resounding near at hand, but Grant and his little army, isolated and on an independent campaign, were unobserved as yet by the enemy. Minutes were precious with Grant, and he was impatient to gain that belfry. His companions at the front were being slaughtered by the guns at San Casme gate. He hastily told the priest in such Spanish as he could then command, that he wanted to take his howitzer up into the tower. The priest expostulated, but while Grant was explaining the law of "might" vs. "right" to the priest, his men were making ready to hoist the gun into the belfry, and thither it was taken with due haste.

Leaving a few men below, Grant and the others ascended and very soon had their gun clean, mounted and charged for a trial shot at the Mexican batteries from this unsuspected and unthought of point of vantage.

The point to be struck was pointed out by Grant, the gun was sighted, and—a puff of fiery smoke shot out from an opening high in the air, which completely enfiladed the Mexican position; and, horror of horrors to the Mexicans, there suddenly came from the sky, as it were, a screeching shell that burst in their very midst! Their consternation was intensified as the shots from the howitzer came pouring into their works. General Worth did not know of Grant's expedition. He was standing at the best point to observe the battle, with his staff about him. He was scanning, through his glass, the battle-center about San Casme. Suddenly he too was startled, for there burst upon his ears the sharp report of a gun from a new position in dangerous proximity to the right of his line! Could that be a Mexican gun? If so, new dispositions of his army would need to be made, and made quickly! The glasses of his entire staff were instantly turned

to ascertain the *locus* of the new battery. Another report, and the smoke shot out from yonder massive church steeple! Were the gods joining in the murderous fray—and on which side?

"Where are those shots directed?" asked Worth of a staff officer. Another and another shot followed, more rapidly than before! "There; look at San Casme; the shots are entering the Mexican batteries! See?" exclaimed one of the staff. And then there arose a cheer along the American line, far beyond Grant's hearing, as the army saw that the Mexicans were being panic stricken.

Reports followed one another with the marvelous rapidity possible only with trained gunners. Soon the Mexican riflemen were driven from the house-tops and the parapets; then their cannon slackened fire. Some of their guns soon ceased firing and the gunners fled from the shot and shell that came with such rapidity from that vicious gun in the church belfry.

General Worth wondered how that gun found its way skyward, and by whose audacity. He ordered one of his staff to ride over to General Garland, whose position was nearest the church, and ascertain concerning the singular occurrence. The officer came dashing up to Garland, where he, too, stood watching the phenomenon. No one seemed to know. No one had given any orders. He rode on to where the Voltigeurs were standing at the extreme of the line, and all they knew was that some time previously Lieutenant Grant, of the Fourth Infantry, had come rapidly along with part of his company, and had carried off one of their howitzers and a lot of ammunition, and a number of their gunners had gone off with him, but no one knew whither. "It sounds like our gun, and it must be Grant and our men," they said. Cheers went up again by the Voltigeurs and the Fourth as they learned the fact; and the reports of the gun seemed to increase in rapidity and in vigor and energy.

When the staff officer reported to General Worth, he sent another officer (the

same Lieutenant Pemberton who surrendered Vicksburg to Grant seventeen years later) to make his way around to the church and present his compliments, and to ask Grant to report to him. Grant answered that he was "very busy, and would like to be permitted to report later." But the messenger had no discretion, and Grant had to go. He gave his men orders to "Keep the gun as busy as you can without melting it," and hastened to General Worth. Some of the most troublesome Mexican guns having been driven off and withdrawn, he could now reach headquarters without making the circuitous route he had to first travel with his gun. He was filled with indignation at having to leave, when he knew the work was so effective and his presence was so important, and he was in doubt whether he was not to be considered under arrest when he reached Worth's headquarters. He walked briskly to the General and saluted him. He was still wet, and so besmeared with the dirt of the lagoons and ditches, and his face so begrimed with powder-smoke from working the howitzer in the belfry, that Worth did not recognize him! Grant was in haste, and did not waste words in telling who he was and asking for the General's orders. "Time is precious at the church," he added, in a tone that indicated impatience at his absence.

All Worth wanted was to thank Grant for his achievement, tell him the splendid effect the howitzer fire had on the Mexican position, and direct him to take another gun and return to his post in the belfry. Grant did not take time to explain that there was no room for a second gun in the church steeple, but took with him the howitzer, some gunners and a new supply of ammunition, and hastened back to his work.

He reflected as he went,—"How much more sensible to have sent me that message by a staff-officer, instead of taking me away from my post at a vital time!"

After Grant hastened away from General Worth, the latter remarked: "Grant is in dead earnest. He is fighting mad;

he 'has it in for' those Mexicans at San Casme! Better order Garland to send a company over to the church to support him."

The Mexicans sent a few shot over toward the church with a view of dislodging Grant, and two of them struck the heavy stone wall in uncomfortable proximity to the opening of the belfry, leaving their imprint, but doing no other injury.

The fire from the howitzer was kept up with vigor until nightfall, the Mexican fire having practically ceased.

The fatalities among officers in the assault on the Belan Gate were frightful. It was sad even to those accustomed to slaughter and carnage.

It was here that the brave and intrepid Lieutenant Benjamin—Grant's bosom friend—was mortally wounded. As the shades of evening were hovering over the scene of strife he was carried to a place sheltered from the storm of missiles. A surgeon was summoned. Loosening the saturated clothing, a hasty look at the wounds told him that Lieutenant Benjamin had but a brief time to live. He spoke no word, but looked into the fading eyes of the dying soldier and gave an ominous shake of his head. Hastily administering a potion to relieve his suffering, the surgeon gently pressed Benjamin's hand and hastened away to minister to those whose wounds gave hope that life could be saved.

The stricken officer understood the surgeon fully. He had scarcely strength to articulate, but he was able to utter the one word, "Grant." One of the attendant soldiers heard the name and, knowing of the "David and Jonathan" friendship existing between the two young officers, he and a comrade hastened away amid the confusion of the closing battle, to find the friend whom the dying man longed to see.

It was no easy task the searchers had before them. They soon learned that the Fourth Infantry had been engaged at San Casme Gate. Approaching that point by wading canals and lagoons, and

defying sentinels, they were told that Grant was probably here, and possibly there, none knew just where. They found Garland, and he told them the last he heard about Grant, before dark, "he was up in that church steeple with his howitzers giving the enemy hell, and he may be there yet if he hasn't been knocked out by a cannon ball." With this information they soon found Lieutenant Grant with his men, still grimy with powder and the dirt of the lagoons.

The report that his friend Benjamin was dying was more stunning to Grant than all the horrors of battle. In a short time the guides brought him into the presence of the one man in the army whom he loved above and beyond all others.

Benjamin lay on a cot, with an army blanket folded under his head. He was motionless. A solitary candle was fastened in the twigs of a shrub a few feet from his head. Its pale and flickering light revealed the prostrate officer clear enough for Grant to see the pallor on the face and the soft haze on the eyes of his friend. Two soldiers stood a few feet distant on either side. A piece of the fly of a tent was suspended on the bayonets of muskets above the wounded officer, who, unable to speak, had strength to faintly reach his hand; and, as Grant knelt beside him, he raised his arm to the neck of the latter and embraced him; while Grant, with loving tenderness, pressed the other hand and raised it to

his lips. Several minutes elapsed without word or visible motion.

What words were unspoken, what emotions thrilled their hearts, all too full for speech, must pass unrevealed into the mysterious unknown.

The arm of the dying soldier fell from the neck of his friend. They looked into each other's eyes in silence. Benjamin's lips moved, but they uttered no sound. What tender messages were they trying to communicate to some distant loved one? What sweet messages of affection to a devoted sister? What last message to that distant mother, whose love knew no limitations, and whose arms were stretched out in prayer for the protection of her absent boy every hour of her anxious existence?

The last battle of the brave Benjamin was ended; and as such battles always end, with the mighty warrior as with the private soldier, in defeat; but defeat without murmur and without repining.

Grant wet his handkerchief from a canteen and tenderly wiped the face and hands of his comrade, and while the eyes of the latter rested, in their dimmed and fading luster, upon the sympathizing face of his ministering friend, their light went out forever.

Many years after, Grant stated that the death of Major Hamer, at Monterey, and of Lieutenant Benjamin, at the City of Mexico, were two sad events which clung to his memory with unrelenting pertinacity.

(To be continued.)



A POEM.

WHAT is a poem? 'Tis a vase
Of clay, or gold, or jewels wrought;
What matter, so it fill its place,
And hold the fadeless flowers of thought!

Beth Day.

HOW TO RELIEVE THE POOR AND PREVENT POVERTY.

BY MRS. ADA KNIGHT TERRELL.

METHODS of dealing with the poor change with the growth and changes of society. At one stage in the world's history charity was unknown. "Let everybody take care of himself," was the motto. But as men looked upon the suffering of their fellow-men, their hearts were touched, and they said, "Let the more fortunate help the less fortunate," and alms-giving became the practice. But thought, keeping pace with sympathy, has combined these two maxims of the past, and charity acts to-day upon the principle that it should "help men to help themselves," and alms-giving, except in the case of the sick, the aged or the very young, is condemned.

That there is to-day a vast army of paupers in our land, and another vaster army of those who, although not charity subjects, are yet, through poverty, cut off from the best things of life, none will deny. Nor is argument required to convince the observant and thoughtful mind that the condition of the poor can be, ought to be and must be improved, if the rich and happy are to remain so: for all human interests are one and inseparable. The poor rate and prison tax compel the condition of the poor to become the concern of the rich. The epidemic bred in the hovel in the alley finds victims in the palace on the avenue. The neglected and unhappy oftentimes seek a mad revenge with the lighted torch or the red hand of assassination.

Poverty can be prevented only through the removal of its many and varied causes. Poverty in individuals, as in nations, results from the absence of the wealth-producing causes—industry and economy.

The world's wealth of to-day, produced from the bounty of God in nature, is the product of the inventions and labors of

preceding generations and of society at large. The well-to-do or rich man, then, has not gained his possession through his individual exertions alone, but in one or all of the several ways: (1) By inheritance; (2) by producing wealth; (3) by saving it, or (4) by dishonesty.

The poor man is poor for exactly opposite reasons: (1) He has inherited little or nothing; (2) he has produced little or nothing; (3) he has saved little or nothing, or (4) he has been defrauded of his possessions.

The poor may be divided into four classes, according to the specific causes of their needs: (1) The relief seeker; (2) the tramp or vagrant; (3) the temporarily unemployed; (4) those on the verge of pauperism, but not charity subjects.

The relief seekers are those who are able to support themselves in part, but not wholly. Their condition is due to some inherent defect of body, mind or character. They belong to the unfortunate class, and deserve the sympathetic treatment which the blind and the deaf, or the insane and feeble-minded receive. They should be encouraged to do all they can for themselves, yet they will remain a burden upon society until the right of unborn generations to be well born is understood and regarded.

The tramp or vagrant class, supported at an expense of \$10,000,000 during the past year, approximate the criminal class, and should be similarly dealt with. Having adopted a form of life peculiar to themselves, they are unfit for the regular work of society, and are disinclined to it. Therefore they require a severe course of discipline of body, mind and morals before they can become self-supporting and useful. For them, institutions similar to reform schools, but adapted to their individual needs as a class, should be

provided. To these tramping all tramps should be sent, and should be educated and developed according to their individual needs as a class. The institutions should combine some of the features of the sanitarium, the asylum, the prison, the poor-farm or work-house and a school in which especial attention is given to the development of character. They may be established as adjuncts to any or all of the above named institutions with slight additional expense. They should be reformatory in purpose, employing educational means to that end. While benevolent in spirit, they should be conducted on business principles and made self-supporting, in order to destroy the expectation of the tramp that "something may be had for nothing." All traveling beggars should be discountenanced by the public. When the trampery is unable to furnish its inmates with suitable employment, such should be secured for them through an employment bureau.

The third class of the needy are the temporarily unemployed, who have nothing ahead to meet the exigencies arising from enforced idleness resulting from business depression, industrial disturbances, changes of fashion, seasons or methods of work, and other causes which render employment intermittent. This class is seldom in any way blameworthy. With a little kindly and timely aid in securing further employment, they may again become self-supporting and valuable members of society; but without it they must descend to swell the pauper class, or, perchance, to a life of crime and misery. In seeking employment for the temporarily unemployed, the greatest care must be exercised that an unnatural and forced competition shall not prove disastrous to the frugal and industrious already engaged in the same enterprises. So close is the relation between supply and demand, that wood-yards established for the employment of tramps sometimes have had the effect of ruining regular dealers in wood. So close, too, is the relation between wages, the cost of production and the amount consumed, that

efforts to increase "starvation wages" have thrown others out of employment entirely, and so made their lot even more wretched than that of those benefited.

That the burden of poverty may not be transferred from one class of society to another through efforts to relieve it, the furnishing of employment must be wisely supervised, so that only valuable labor, for which there is demand, shall be performed. So closely are all human interests interwoven, that employment cannot be found for the temporarily unemployed without danger of inflicting injury upon some one, until the employment of the fourth class of poor—those who are on the verge of poverty—the great mass of laborers and producers, has been readjusted.

The labor problem is a deeper one than that of settling disputes between capital and labor. Industrial conflicts are the consequences rather than the causes of labor troubles. The real causes of dissatisfaction among laborers exist in the false ideals and faiths, motives and practices in industrial and social life, and are due largely to the facts that: (1) Many are overworked; (2) many are out of employment; (3) employment is irregular; (4) wages are insufficient and uncertain; (5) women, children, foreigners and the inferior races compete with American workmen; (6) machinery is constantly displacing muscular labor; (7) advancing civilization constantly sets a higher standard of living, to which the wages of the laborer are not adjusted; and, (8) as the conditions of life are made easier, population increases and a new problem arises:

It is often asserted that employment cannot be found for all, since there is already an over-production; for the producer considers there is an over-production when he has produced more than he can sell at a profit. Yet the facts of industrial life are that brains by means of organized capital and labor-saving machinery have taken employment from muscle and so rendered thousands breadless and dependent. And while, through the use of machinery, the world's wealth

is being produced by the excessive toil of hundreds of thousands of men, the enforced labor of frail mothers and growing children, still thousands of the unemployed are preying upon over-burdened industry.

It is apparent, then, that all classes of society must advance with equal step to a higher plane of industrial life and that their standard of living be so improved as to demand increased supplies. Labor should be participated in by all and none should be compelled to overwork to secure the necessities of life; the hours of daily labor should be so shortened that toil may be sweet and healthful; so far as possible, all disagreeable labor should be transferred to machinery; the earnings of the husband should be sufficient to keep the mother in the home and the child in the school; all should be well born, well bred, well clothed, well housed, well fed, and should enjoy such of the amenities of life as make life worth living. The real problem of the philanthropist, then, is to so increase the world's wealth that enough shall exist for all and to so distribute employment that thereby the world's wealth shall be so distributed that none shall want for the necessities of physical life and for moral growth.

Having for his aim to furnish employment for all, perhaps the philanthropist can devise no better means than the establishment of reliable employment bureaus throughout the land to be connected with and controlled by the Department of Labor at Washington. Bureaus should be organized to displace both the present worthless and selfish employment agencies, and also the charity organizations which only furnish relief to actual beggars and sufferers. The bureau should exist upon the principles that it is better to prevent poverty than merely to relieve it; that the best possible use of money for the benefit of others is to invest it as capital for the employment of labor; that as machinery frees man from the necessity for manual labor, he should engage in brain labor to pro-

mote the spiritual advancements of the race; that, since all human interests are inseparable, all classes must advance with equal step to a higher plane—the room is at the top for all labor and for all excellence; that thousands of the hungry must be fed, the naked clothed, the sick and imprisoned visited, and the earth itself made more beautiful and productive. Dismal swamps and arid plains must be reclaimed, public roads must be made passable and beautiful with trees and flowers, and the earth adorned for the establishment of the Kingdom of God—the Republic of the Son of Man. Instead, then, of seeking merely a charity fund for the relief of paupers, the philanthropist, through the aid of an employment bureau, should seek employment for all, and should seek to subsidize invention and research in science and philosophy, art, music and literature—everything that ministers to the spiritual nature of man. The bureau should have for its object not only to furnish employment for all but for each the very highest kind of labor of which he is capable and to so cultivate public taste that it will demand the best things of life and pay for them. The bureau should endeavor to teach in a practical way that the production of wealth is more praiseworthy than a selfish accumulation of it and that the only wise and righteous means of distributing wealth exists in the distribution of opportunities to produce it.

So important is a well-organized industrial system to a high civilization that it has been said: "The government of the future will be industrial, and statesmanship will be sociological."

It is clear that the causes of poverty exist alike in the defective character of the poor themselves and in the defective system of social and industrial life. The two lines of action, then, for the philanthropist who would aid the poor to help themselves, are to furnish them with employment and to protect them from imposition and injustice. The great industrial basis for a splendid civilization furnished by the bureau, should be protected by the

State, supplemented by the School, and augmented by the Church.

Legislation can make men neither honest, wise, nor rich; yet it should, in several ways cast the strong, protecting arm of law around the struggling and deserving poor in their efforts to improve their condition.

(1) The State should require unhygienic tenement houses, rented at exorbitant rates, to be rebuilt under stringent sanitary regulations and let on reasonable terms.

(2) The State should set limitations to the power of corporations and should see to it that they do not exceed or abuse their rights to the detriment of individuals or communities.

(3) The State should give trades unions and other labor organizations a legal status; define their rights and defend them in the exercise of their rights in order that laborers may become more intelligent, conservative, and responsible in their action. It should be a misdemeanor for a corporation or a capitalist to discharge laborers for the sole purpose of breaking up labor organizations, and also for organized labor to strive to coerce capitalists or unorganized labor by the destruction of life and property.

(4) A monetary system, of such stability as will prevent money panics and the fluctuation of the purchasing power of money, should be provided.

(5) Government should prohibit by law such gambling in options as prevent trade from following the natural course of demand and supply.

(6) Everywhere and always industrial life should be so guarded by law as to secure to the poor their full rights—the right to labor and to enjoy the fruits of industry.

Many schemes have been devised for the relief of the poor. Colonization, the single tax, the abolition of interest, the nationalization of industry, the free coinage of silver, bimetallism, fiat money, prohibition, communism, socialism, and other "isms" have their advocates. Yet the one-remedy man will never succeed,

and no mere change in the mechanical structure of society will avail. For, in the final solution, we shall be forced to conclude that the permanent relief of the poor must come from the intellectual and moral improvement, not of the poor alone, but of all classes. Intellectual and moral progress must condition social and industrial progress. Doubtless any social system might be made to work out the happiest results, were all men, to-day, wise, just, industrious and self-sacrificing.

It is only through the education of the young that the problem of the prevention of poverty promises an eventual solution. The avowed purpose of education is to make good citizens. Excellent as is our present system of education, our schools fail in their purpose in so far as they do not meet the social and industrial needs of the times. The time has come when physical, moral and industrial education must supplement the intellectual training now given. The education of the future must begin earlier, continue longer and include more. We already have the Kindergarten and University Extension. We yet need the extension of industrial education, instruction in political and social science, and an elevation of moral standards. Education must be made universal in extent, generous in amount and high in character. Education must be physical, mental, moral, religious, political, social, domestic, as well as in language, science, philosophy, music, literature and art—in short, it must include everything which pertains both to the various powers of man and his occupations. In the broadest sense, the education of every individual extends throughout his life, and is the result of the self-activity of his body and mind induced by his environments. His educators are the combined influences which have operated upon him. The educating influences emanate from four distinct sources—the home, the school, the church and society; but the greatest of these is the home.

The work for humanity, begun by the employment bureau, protected by the

State and supplemented by the school, should be enforced and ennobled by the church. "Personal Interest Societies" should be established, having for their object the abolition of the slums—the "submerged tenth"—in the cities, and the lowest classes everywhere, through the personal influence of the pure and noble over the low and vicious by actual contact. The society should be well organized and officered, and the work done in a thorough and systematic manner. Every city and the entire country should be districted, and every society should be responsible for definite and practical personal work within its geographical limits. Visiting committees should go to the poorest and lowest, and, as the friendly neighbor, the interested teacher, the kindly pastor, induce the improvident who do not know their own interests to avail themselves of their opportunities to improve their condition. The regeneration of the world is a question of love as well as of money.

Concerning the relation of poverty and crime, two opposite theories exist in the minds of men. One theory asserts that "Character is wholly the result of material conditions." "Render the body comfortable," they say, "and the soul will take care of itself." The opposite theory regards man as a spiritual being, who makes his own environments, rather than that he is made by them. The facts of life show that the relation of the material and spiritual is very close. They are the opposite sides of the same great reality. As food and clothing are necessary to the life and growth of the body, so are they also necessary antecedent conditions for moral growth. Yet moral growth is not always found where material conditions make it possible; nor is

the moral worth of men proportionate to their material wealth. The practical philanthropist, then, who would permanently relieve the poor, must look to material improvement as a means to spiritual growth, not as an end. The mistake of alms-giving is that it fails to do this. The true philanthropist must remove the hindrances to spiritual growth by furnishing to the poor the proper environments, and then he must set in operation the moral forces of society. He must help men to help themselves, for all other efforts are in vain. He must help them to secure the necessities, not only for physical existence but for moral growth. Centuries ago the Psalmist said, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." Doubtless he also felt that the destruction of the rich might be their riches, for he also uttered the prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Christ himself never forgot the physical wants of men; for, while ministering to their spiritual needs, He also distributed the loaves and fishes, and He distinctly declared that "Man liveth not by bread alone."

The problem of relieving the poor is more than a mere matter of alms-giving or of finding work for the workless. It is a consideration of every question that affects society. It is the problem of producing a fairer humanity with loftier ideals, with new and nobler virtues.

To this end we advocate compassion and protection for unfortunates, tramp-eries for the reformation of tramps, employment bureaus for the development of industries and the distribution of wealth, and education for all in everything that ennobles,—these to be administered under the benign influences of law, liberty and love.

ALL IS CHANGED.

SINCE we are met and Love begets
The radiance of summer noons,
My feet are set to minuets
And all my tasks to wordless tunes!

Minnie Stichter.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

A NORTH DAKOTA EXPERIENCE.

By ELIZABETH H. CALVERT.

A FIERCE, northwest wind sweeping down over the level prairies of North Dakota, rolls the waters of Lake Wam-duska into huge billows.

A small scow, headed for the timbered western shore, makes slow progress against the wind and waves. A couple of wheat sacks filled with provisions, and a sack of flour lie in the bottom of the boat, and, seated in the stern a woman, wrapped in a large buffalo coat, urges the rower to greater speed, for night is rapidly closing in. Already the eastern slope they have left, with its wind-dried ecru-colored grass, waving above clusters of buffalo apples, still green where they nestle close to earth, wine-tinted where the sun has left its impress, is no longer visible.

Two-thirds of the two miles' distance across had been accomplished, when suddenly the wind veers, a rushing-wave

strikes the boat broadside, instantly capsizing it, and throwing the occupants into the icy water. They both cling to the same side of the boat threatening to right and swamp it. The man dives, rapidly reappearing on the other side, and grasps the woman's hands across the bottom of the upturned boat.

For hours which seem ages they drift in waters that are cold even in August, and in November are at zero. The man's limbs cramp frightfully. Their sufferings are terrible. In vain the woman implores him to release her and let her find relief from suffering in the bottom of the lake. She even tries to wrench her hands free from his grasp. He only clings more desperately to the limp figure, dragged down with the weight of the water-sogged fur coat, and shouts into the black night until he is hoarse.

In vain! The wind carries his voice where there are none to hear.

Inky darkness all around them.

Even the man's courage and strength are deserting him when his feet touch bottom and a few more waves sends them high upon the shore they left hours before,—but miles to the south.

Dragging his now unconscious companion high up on the beach out of reach of the waves, and leaving her there, he gropes his way along the shore for help. He stumbles over stumps innumerable that here line the shore, over fallen trees partly submerged and petrified, huge boulders blocking his path in many places, until finally he reaches the plateau—and finds help.

It is gray dawn when he returns with aid for his companion.

Care and warmth restore them; but it is long ere they will forget the night they spent in the icy waters of Stump Lake.



MRS. ELIZABETH H. CALVERT,
OF SEATTLE.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

SHADOWS AT SPOTSYLVANIA.

BY MALINDA CLEAVER FAVILLE.

IT WAS early April in Virginia. The sun was bright and warm, but little traces of chill lurked in the shadows. We had driven out from Fredericksburg in the early morning, and had seen one after another of the wooded places made historic by the mortal combat between two great armies. In mid-afternoon we were at Spotsylvania Court House. We had seen what remained, after thirty odd years, of the Bloody Angle and the bullet-riddled fences and trees. All day I had seen women slyly peeping from cabin doors, and had wondered whether the hearts of the older ones, like the trees, still showed the scars of battle. I had vainly tried to think of some plea which would admit me at once into their homes and their confidence. The sun was casting long, soft shadows across the front of the old court house; the time had come to return, and my wish was yet unsatisfied.

A half-mile upon our way we were halted by that commonest of accidents, the casting of a shoe. I submitted without the least annoyance to the delay it occasioned, for we were directly in front of a small house, to which I now had a pretext for asking admission.

I wished to hear fragments of history of the battle from some native witness whose point of view would be other than that of any of the writers of our famous War Papers. I had hoped to find some one who had been so unfortunate as to live between the lines of the two armies. I wanted the story from one of these shy, hemmed-in women whose ears had felt the shock of Union guns and the "rebel yell," to give to my memories of the day that human interest which makes history live. If I had come avowedly through curiosity, to hear her tell of her

life, no woman of them all would have asked me onto the porch; but being an unfortunate traveler, I would find all doors open to me.

The house near us was a small two-story building, seeming to have one room below and one above. In the yard near by was a log kitchen, and between the two structures a smart green pump. The rude door stood half open, revealing the plainest of interiors—a rough hearthstone, a rag carpet, a braided mat before the smouldering fire, a few chairs with seats woven of oak splints.

In answer to my rap, a woman appeared dark against the rosy light that shone through the opposite door—a tall, angular figure topped by a sunbonnet.

"Evenin'," she ventured.

"Good evening; one of our horses has lost a shoe. I came to see if I might sit on your porch while the driver has it put on."

"Sut'nly, ma'am," she replied, coming forward quickly with a chair. "Wouldn't you ru'r sit inside? I neveh sits on the po'ch in the evenin' this time o' yeah."

Hoping she would sit with me, I assented to her suggestion, and was rewarded by seeing her take a chair on the opposite side of the door and remove her sunbonnet. Her face was dark as old pine, with thin, deeply-marked features, the eyes clear and dark. Her shining black hair was parted straight, and uncompromisingly put back in a tight little knot. Her strong, lean hands showed, under the tanned skin, the marks of age. No well woman under fifty could have wrists so withered as those which showed, below the close wristbands of her scant, gathered sleeves. Her dress of linsey, in shades of brown and green, was short and scant of skirt, its plain round waist



Sketch by the author.

THE TELLER OF THE TALE, IN "SHADOWS AT SPOTSYLVANIA."

topped by a straight band that buttoned about her sinewy neck. Her mouth showed at one corner the droop caused by the habitual pipe.

"I thought, when I saw the carriage, it was my daughter comin' home. She gen'ly come in the second spring mont', but not so soon as this," the old woman explained.

"Where does your daughter live?"

"In Baltimo'; she cook fo' a mighty

nice lady up there. She gen'ly come out fo'm town in a carriage, to keep herse'f clean, an' save her clo'es. I want to see her so bad this time I cyan't hardly wait," she continued, softly. "She holp me an' her paw to buil' this house, an' she ain' seen it yet."

I wondered what had been my hostess' former home, if this seemed to her a splendid habitation.

"I raise all my chil'ren in that cabin

there in the ya'd," she went on. "We live there sense d'reckly afteh the Wah."

"Aren't you native here?" I asked.

"Ma'am?"

"Were you not born somewhere about here?"

"Yes'm; I were raised 'bout a mile f'om heah. The battle was on the fawm my paw rented sence befo' I kin remembh. Hit belong to Mr. Billy Williams. When me an' my ol' man was married, Mr. Billy buil' we all a new house jes' across the o'chard f'om paw's. Paw an' maw both die 'fo' the Wah, an' Mr. Billy done tuck their house fo' a stable an' lef' the ol' stable to fall down.

"And your house was on the battle-field?" I asked, the woman's intimation seeming too good to be true.

"Yes'm; right 'tween the lines. It were on a Thursday mawnin' as I were washin' dishes. I saw men in gray clo'es away across the fiel' in front o' the door. We knew the soldiers were all about, an' we'd heard guns down the road, but we hadn't seen none on 'em befo'. The ol' man, he were back o' the house plantin' co'n; little Jennie were asleep in the cradle, an' Cha'ley playin' on the flo' with the cat, an' Susie breshin' up the ha'th. All to once, way back in the pines, I heard noise like a thunder-clap, an' somethin' went screechin' ovehhead, an burs' afire 'way down among the Ferginia soldiers. They begun to move fo'a'd.

"In about two minutes a man in blue clo'es rode 'round in front o' the door. 'Yo' mus' get out o' here, quick, ma'am,' he say, touchin' of his cap. 'We've got a battery ready fo' action on the hill back o' you, an' if yo' house ain' burned it'll be riddled with shot.' I tuck up the baby in her little night-gown, an' wropped a shawl 'round her. Befo' me or Susie could find Cha'ley's sunbonnet, a shell went screechin' th'oo the roof an' we run out.

"We was so skeered we didn' know at first which way to go, till I remembered it was the army of Ferginia that wore the gray clo'es. We went to'ard them, me

carryin' the baby, an' me an' Susie leadin' Cha'ley 'tween us.

"I neveh knowed how we got across that fiel' alive. It looked like they was a lane left fo' us, with bullets flyin' thick on either side o' us. Pretty soon they begun to pass us back from one to another, an' I hear 'em say, 'Look out fo' the woman an' chil'ren, boys.' Afteh while we got back in the pines, where the bullets didn' many of 'em come.

"Down behin' a little hill, where it seemed pretty safe f'om the shells, we stopped to rest. They was a branch that started out of a big spring close by. I reckon you was at the spring to-day; most of the visitors drinks f'om it. About as fur f'om that spring as across this room I found a man with his ankle all shot to pieces. He'd tried to get to the wateh, but couldn' quite do it. I put the baby down on some leaves on the wa'm side of a stump, an' tol' Susie to mind her an' Cha'ley, an' I got the man some wateh. I reckon he were hurt bad, fo' he didn' say a word, but he looked mighty thankful.

"Hit seemed right safe there, an' the baby didn' cry, so I staid till the man died. I closed his eyes an' lay his cap oveh his face an' fol' his han's.

"When the sun was jes' about ovehhead, the chil'ren begin to worry me fo' somethin' to eat. I didn' know where to git 'em nothin', but I sort o' moved 'round a little bit, to pacify 'em by actin' as if I were gettin' some dinner. I foun' a kin' o' bag that I reckon belonged to some soldier. It had hard crackehs in it, an' a piece o' salt po'k an' some coffee. I give 'em some o' the crackehs, an' they nibbled at 'em. Cha'ley cried fo' milk, but afteh while he laid down by the baby an' they both went to sleep.

"I begin to think the fightin' were oveh, but about the middle o' the evenin'* it commence ag'in worse 'n eveh. F'om then till dark they kep' it up. I got my chil'ren under a big cedah, with some pine branches for a bed. They et some

*"Evening," in Virginia, corresponds to the "afternoon" of the North and West.

mo' of the crackehs an' went to sleep. 'Fo' mo'nin' it sot in to rain, an' I had ha'd work to keep it off the baby. Susie an' Cha'ley was wet, an' they cried. When it come light, I hunted 'round fo' shelter, an' at las' foun' an ol' cabin, full o' holes. It had some roof, an' a stick chimney. I got 'em in there, an' made a little fire to dry 'em off.

"I knowed the soldiers wasn' gone, fur every little while I heard shots oveh pas' my house, but no big guns. It rained all day, an' I were afraid to leave the chil'ren, for fear the firin' mout begin an' I couldn' git back to 'em. Befo' night I got 'em all dry an' wa'm, an' made 'em a good bed o' pine tags. They was hungry, but they went to sleep soon, an' after a long time I must have dropped off too.

"I was waked by the noise o' the big guns thunderin', an' the little ones poppin'. It was jes' the gray o' the mo'nin'. F'om then they fout all day long an' all night, till near day nex' mawnin'. My crackehs an' things was all gone, an' the chil'ren cryin' fo' somethin' to eat. The fightin' seemed to be off to one side, so I thought I'd try to get back home an' fin' somethin' fo' the chil'ren. I made a good fire an' tol' Susie to min' the little ones till I got back. Then I worked my way 'roun' back o' the ridge till I knew I were near home. I come out over the top an' looked over to where home was two days befo'. I shouldn' have knew the place but fo' the double oak tree in the cuppen. The house were all gone but the bottom o' the chimney; the gyarden was all tore up an' full o' broken wheels, an' guns, an' dead hosses; the fiel' the ol' man was plantin' looked like hosses had run wild in it.

"I went up to see if I could find any meat. Every *thing* were gone,—cow an' chickens an' hams an' all, even the ol' man! Back o' the house were a lot o' dead hosses an' blue-coats, but not one live thing to be seen. Them Yankees have owed me fo' nine hens an' a rooster fo' thirty yeahs. I had no cradle fo' my baby, an' no bed fo' the chil'ren an' myse'f, nor nothin' to eat but what I picked up.

"I found some bags with salt po'k an' crackehs an' coffee in 'em, over among the dead Yankees, an' I tuck what I could tote. I thought it wasn't wrong to take 'em; they couldn't do no good where they was. I found a fryin'-pan, too, an' a coffee-pot an' some tin cups, an' tuck 'em along.

"I went back to the chil'ren an' cooked 'em some meat, an' biled coffee, an' fed 'em. I hated to eat what I'd taken from the dead, but I did for the sake of the baby. Afteh they et, they felt right sma't, an' Cha'ley an' the baby set out by the do' an' played in the sun. They didn't mind the noise o' the fightin'.

"Nex' day they was mighty little shootin'. When the sun got wa'm I tuck the chil'ren across the woods to see how Mis' Johns was gittin' along. We found her an' the two gyurls an' the little boy, but the ol' man an' Bill John, the grown boy, was gone. The Yankees had jes' about cleaned out her meat-house. She didn't rightly know which side taken the cow, an' chickens, but they was gone, an' five geese an' a turkey-gobbler, too.

"I lef' my chil'ren with her an' went back an' got the crackehs an' coffee an' meat. She had meal an' some cabbage-sprouts lef', so we got a right good dinner. We didn't see no soldiers all day, nor nobody else. We was plum wore out, an' went to bed that night at sun-down, an' slep' all night.

"They was shootin' at one another fo' better n' a week, but they'd done tuck all we had, so they let us alone. The day afteh the soldiers went away fo' good, Bill John come home. He said him an' his pap an' my ol' man was together, an' the Yankees tuck 'em all along with a lot o' Ferginia soldiers. They was such a lot o' 'em on the road, he got away, but the ol' men warn't quick enough.

"We watched fur 'em ev'ry day. Sometimes when the baby were asleep I'd take Susie an' Cha'ley an' go down to the plank road, an' look up as fur as I could see, an' then tu'n an' look down till I couldn't see no mo'.

"Afteh two weeks I concluded me an'

the chil'ren ought to move to ourselves, so we went to the ol' cabin in the woods. Mis' Johns was mighty kyind; she didn't have nothin' much herse'f, but she gi' me a pot, an' a skillet without a handle. Some o' the other neighbors gi' me a bedquilt or two, an' a big box fur a table. They used to send me a piece o' meat now an' then, or a little meal. Mr. John Thomas Williams he loaned me the use o' his ax ev'ry maw'nin', an' I cut my own wood.

"The dead soldiers was all buried—most of 'em in the fiel' the ol' man done fixed fur co'n. The gyardin were ruint—two or three big guns broke up an' scattered over it, an' some dead hosses in it, an' the fence all tore down. I planted some little spots o' co'n round where I could work the groun', an' put in a few sweet potatoes an' cabbage. I'd fixed beds o' pine tags, an' we slep' good at night.

"It was hard work to get enough to eat that summer. The neighbors was all good, but nobody had nothin' to divide. I raised a little co'n fo' meal, an' a few cabbage an' potatoes, an' it looked like I'd be able to keep the chil'ren alive. When winter come they suffered with col'. Their clo'es was fallin' off o' 'em an' they hadn't no shoes. The baby done pretty well, but the others couldn't keep wa'm playin' out doors at all. When it rained an' snowed the ol' roof leaked, an' the fire wouldn't burn good. I couldn't make much headway cuttin' wood neither. If Mr. John Thomas Williams hadn't come up sometimes an' cut me a back-log an' front sticks I reckon we wouldn't 'ave lived through the winteh.

"I didn't often dare to leave the chil'-ren long enough to go over to the plank road an' look fur the ol' man, but every day I went up to where the house used to be, thinkin' he mout 'a' come home.

"I neveh minded not knowin' how to write till that winteh. If I could only written it, I mout 'ave sent him a few lines to let him know we all was alive, an' maybe he would 'ave got 'em.

"One bright day late in Ma'ch, I lef'

the chil'ren an' went over to the plank road. I looked an' looked, so hard it seemed as if I mus' bring him, but I couldn't see nothin' 'cept the pines narrowin' together 'way up yondah, where the road went out o' sight. I'd chopped wood, an' gone hungry an' col', an' heard my chil'ren cry fo' bread when I didn't have none, but I hadn't never give up hope o' the ol' man comin' back. It come to me all at once, there by the road, that the Lo'd had let him git so fur away he never would fin' the way back, an' I sot right down on a big log in the sun an' cried. Afteh while I remembered that the chil'ren would get col' if I didn't go home to 'tend to 'em.

"I wiped my eyes an' got up. I don' know how long I'd been settin' on that log, but I reckon a right smart while. I couldn't he'p lookin' down the road once mo'. I thought my heart would choke me, it beat so hard. There was a man comin' along, kin' o' slow an' tired like. He didn't look like the ol' man, an' he were dressed in part blue an' part gray clo'es. I thought he mout 'ave changed, bein' away, an' I had waited so long it seemed as if it mus' be him, sho'.

"I walked to meet him, but when I got close, I see it was Mr. Johns, so I stopped till he come up.

"Of co'se he want to know about his fam'ly, an' I tol' 'im. When I ask about my ol' man he couldn't tell me much. He hadn't seen 'im since mont' afteh Christmas. The Yankees done carried 'em off along with a lot o' soldiers, an' they had to watch they chance to git away. When they got out, it were hard work to fin' the way home. My ol' man was so mad at the Yankees he went off to hunt Gen'l Lee's a'my, an' e'list, but Mr. Johns was sick an' he come home. He cert'nly was glad to git back, an' I was glad he didn't have much further to go. He were dirty an' ragged, an' bar'footed same as I was, an' he coughed right much while he was talkin'. I hurried home an' sont Susie right over to his house with my two onions, so his wife could make him some syrup.

"I didn't feel it so much that day, but afteh the chil'ren all went to sleep, I was so lonesome an' discouraged it seemed as if I couldn't live no longer.

"I was tryin' to fix groun' enough so I could raise co'n an' truck fo' me an' the chil'ren, an' some to feed a pig, if I could git one. I was right busy ev'ry day, clearin' off the patch.

"One day when Mr. Johns been home better'n a week, I went oveh to Mr. John Thomas Williams's to git his ax an' cut me some wood. His son Isam were home. He'd been with the ahmy evch since the wah broke out. He say he been shot a few days befo', an' come on home. He cert'nly was enjoyin' his dinner.

"He said he'd seen my ol' man once or twice, but not lately. Down on the plank road he passed a new grave an' a fellow with a spade that had jist finished it, tol' him about it. He was goin' down the road an' foun' this dead man under a cedah close to the Wilderness Chu'ch. He turned out to be a soldier what died by the road, so the neighbors buried him jist in the corneh of the clearin' 'round the chu'ch. He had staid to lay some rails over top of it. From what the man said, Isam thought it were my ol' man they'd buried.

"I didn't ask no mo'; I tuck the ax an' went on home. 'Fore I was done cuttin' I made up my min' to fin' out sho' 'nuff whether it was my ol' man they buried under the big cedah.

"Nex' day were Sunday, so I couldn't do nothin'. It was wa'm an' sunny, an' all the trees begin to put out nice. Monday mo'nin' I carry my chil'ren oveh to Mis' Johns' an' ask her to take care of 'em while I went down the plank road on some business. She say 'all right,' so I lef' 'em. I walked an' walked. When dinner-time come I sot down by a spring an' et some o' the little pones o' co'n bread I fotch with me. In the aidge o' the evenin' I see ahead of me a three-forked cedar like Isam tol' about. I hurried along, an' foun' it were in a co'neh of a chu'ch clearin'. I reckoned hit were the

place I were lookin' fur. When I come closer I foun' a new grave under it, with some rails laid on top. I hadn't no time to spare, so I took the rails right off an' went to work. I scratched away with a piece o' thin board I'd picked up a ways back. I worked fas', but I'd begun at the foot, an' feet is right much alike. It warn't a deep grave, so I soon foun' my mistake, an' th'owed off the dirt from the other end. He were wrapped in a gray blanket, an' had on Yankee soldier clo'es. I couldn't rightly see his face, but he had red hair an' my ol' man's were black, so I knew he didn't b'long to me.

"I kivered him up an' sot the piece o' board up to his head. Then I went back to a house an' asked the woman to let me sleep on the place. She were mighty kyind an' let me sleep with two o' the little gyurls. Next mo'nin' she didn't call me, an' I slep' till afteh sun-up, I was so wore out. When I got up I was fo' eatin' one o' the pones o' bread I'd fotch with me; but she would have me eat some o' her fried bacon an' hot bread an' a sweet potato. I were so hongry, they et better'n anything I evch had.

"Hit were right late when I got started. I plodded on home, hardly knowin' whether to be sorry I hadn't foun' so much as my husband's dead body, or glad because they was a chance he were still alive.

"I got the chil'ren, an' went on home by where the ol' cabin uster be. When we got up mos' to the gyardin I screamed right out. It was comin' dark, an' I couldn't see so plain, but there sot a man on the hub o' one o' them broken gun wheels. He were wropped in a blanket, an' leanin' his head on both han's, so I couldn't see jes' what he looked like. I thought it were the ha'nt o' the soldier appearin' to me because I'd 'sturbed his grave. I couldn't move, but after I scream, the man straighten hisse'f an' look at me hard, an' says 'Georgie don't ye know me?' It was the ol' man come home. He were so wore out me an' Susie had to he'p him up to the cabin.

"We got along betteh afteh that. The

ol' man soon pick up, an' hoe the co'n an' plant cabbage an' tu'nips, an' cut the wood. We live mighty po', though, fo' a good many years, till the gyurls go off to the city to work. They come home ev'ry summeh now, an' always give me five dollahs apiece. Cha'ley he done gone, too, an' learn a trade.

"Jinny, the baby that was, bought this place an' buil' the house, an' don sont the pumpso I don't have to tote watch no mo'."

The rap of my driver's whip on the door cut short the woman's monologue. To her the War was not an interesting

study, but had been a grim Presence, driving her and her little children from home, and pinching them with cold and hunger, while the "ol' man" was carried she knew not whither.

As we drove in the dusk past where that awful twenty hours' fight took place, the woods were gray, not entirely as with the shadows of the brave men who held the defenses, nor those of the other thousands who "hammered" at them from without, but with countless shapes of the women and children who suffered with them.



THE WRAITH OF JOE ATLEY.

A CHAPTER FROM A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

BY JOHN MADDEN.

AN UNEXPLAINABLE phenomenon met with in the practice of medicine is the tendency of cases of the same kind to appear in groups. A patient comes into a surgeon's office suffering from fracture of a bone rarely broken, or the line of fracture has taken a peculiar direction, or the circumstances under which the injury has taken place are peculiar, and,—behold! its fellow promptly puts in an appearance. Sometimes the group is limited to the pair, but often three, four, five, or more come in quick succession. The surgeon may have been in practice a good many years, yet the injury is entirely new in his personal experience, and many years may elapse before this particular injury is again brought to his notice. The same is true with all manner of injuries and diseases. In the latter, a rare complication suddenly occurs in the course of a disease not generally fatal, surprising and appalling the physician and quickly terminating the life of his patient. A second, third and fourth victim are speedily sacrificed before the monster is appeased. Then, anaconda-like, the serpent sleeps, awak-

ening only after a long time, perhaps never, so far as that particular physician is concerned.

One afternoon, I sat in my office "talking shop" with a colleague, who had grown gray in thirty-five years of hard work in the practice of medicine and surgery. He had just given the details of two remarkable cases which had come into his care the preceding week. One of the unfortunates, while walking on an icy pavement had slipped, and, in his efforts to secure his balance, had broken the great tendon attached to the heel, very close to its point of attachment. The injury was to the tendon of the left heel. "I had never seen this injury before," continued the Doctor, "and thought a good deal about it on my way back to my office. I had barely taken off my overcoat when the telephone called me to the depot, telling me that a train-man had been injured. What did I find? A left tendo Achilles ruptured close to its attachment to the bone! In all respects this injury was like the other, but it was received by the man in jumping from an icy flat car, to save himself from falling

beneath the wheels. "These," concluded the Doctor, "are perhaps all the cases of the kind I shall ever see."

I then related an unusual injury in which the right radial artery of a left-handed man had been cut half in two. The young man was a clerk in a general store and had received his wound while cutting a piece of oil-cloth with a sharp-pointed pocket knife, the accident happening two or three days before. "This," said I, to finish my story, "is a unique injury whose fellow is apparently a long way off."

"Not at all," answered the Doctor, "you will have him soon."

At that moment the door of my office opened and two men came in, one of whom was holding a handkerchief around his right wrist. What was the trouble? He had "hurt" his right wrist. How did he do it? He was a machinist and was using a "cold chisel" and hammer to trim out a "key slot" in a pulley shaft, and a piece of steel had struck the wrist of the hand holding the chisel.

But this was his right wrist? Oh, yes, but he was left-handed! Then the Doctor and I knew the rest of the story. It was the twin sister of the preceding misfortune. The patient was anesthetized, the artery uncovered and found to be only "nicked." It was quickly secured, the Doctor kindly assisting. These two cases stand out unique in an experience of ten years.

Coincidences as remarkable as those told here will be recalled by any physician who may chance to read these bits of personal experience, and many other cases will be remembered in which the points of resemblance were only a little less conspicuous. Three such cases come to my mind without much effort. They are remembered chiefly, however, by the gruesome circumstances attending the last one. This is the story:

About seven o'clock one chilly evening the first part of May, a young man, whose name is well known as that of the founder of a great manufacturing industry in a great city, came to the office, saying that

he wanted a surgeon immediately to attend his sister, who had been severely injured. The patient was in a hunter's camp, forty-eight miles away, and sixteen miles from the nearest point that could be reached by the railroad. The wound, that had been received that morning about eight o'clock, was made by an axe carelessly handled by a younger brother, and it was said to be about the neck or head and very large. No regular train would go that way for several hours, but, after an exasperating delay of more than an hour, permission was granted from headquarters to run a special locomotive to the nearest point from which the camp could be reached. The journey by rail was made as speedily as was consistent with safety, but the road was new and rough and it was past nine o'clock when the engine halted. We were met here by two half-breed Indian boys with a lantern and a single broncho pony. The night was dark and the road narrow, rough and muddy. By daylight the task would not have been an easy one; by night the care necessary to be exercised in order to keep a sure footing, and the frequent stumbling over deceptive hillocks, made the sixteen-mile pilgrimage particularly fatiguing. The pony proved incorrigible. His entire efforts were directed toward breaking the legs of his rider against the trunk of a tree or brushing him off with some low-hanging limb. He was finally abandoned to be led by one of the half-breed guides. There was something weird about it all, too. The great boles of the pine trees reaching up into the darkness, like stout columns supporting a roof of inky blackness, the queer shadows made by the dim light of the lantern, the dull sound of our footsteps, the scant, monosyllabic conversation, and, above all, the steady rush of the night wind through the pine leaves, made a situation of indelible impressiveness.

Finally, lights, which were reflected by the surface of a broad bit of water, appear in the distance; we descend a steep hill and are ferried to an island in the

middle of a small lake. It is now nearly two o'clock in the morning and the travelers are very tired. Way is made immediately to the cabin, where the patient lies. A glance convinces that she is not in imminent danger. Hot water and more lights are brought; instruments, bandages and antiseptics are made ready. Then the wound is uncovered. It looks formidable. The great muscle of one side of the neck is almost completely severed and the ends retracted, leaving a great space and producing the repulsive appearance of a partial decapitation. The artery escapes by a small fraction of an inch. Has she courage to stand the operation without chloroform,—to hold her head just so, and aid the coaptation of the separated parts by the exercise of her intelligence? She has courage and will do as she is told. The parts are then brought together and united by several carefully inserted stitches. The wound has now lost its ghastliness. Moreover, a mental note is made that it is on the right side and extends diagonally downward and forward. The patient is now seen to be a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking young woman. She is brave, for she did not murmur once during the operation.

It is now three o'clock. An Indian woman, mother of our half-breed guides, has prepared us a meal of hot bacon and eggs, bread and butter and coffee. It is eaten with such relish as can only be born of a long tramp through an ozone-producing pine forest. A cigar by a large camp-fire, then a few hours' rest on a cot.

The next morning broke bright and sunny, a few birds flitted among the still bare branches, and there was a suggestive odor of arbutus in the air. After being assured that all was well with the patient, the return journey was begun about noon. The day was delightful. The warm breath of spring came up from the southwest, and the roar of last night's gale through the pines was now only a faint whisper. How still it was out there in the forest! Now and then a partridge started up from the wayside, or a startled

deer leaped across the narrow road, but the noises thus produced only accentuated the succeeding periods of silence. Even our friend, the incorrigible bronco of last night, seemed to be affected by so much beauty of sky and sunshine and woods bearing the odor of spring. His conduct was quite exemplary, and he scarcely made a sound treading the elastic turf-mold covered with many years' pine needles.

It was nearly four o'clock when the railroad was reached. There was no need of haste, as the train would not reach that point until several minutes after four. The pony was given into the care of a settler, to be called for by one of the guides, and a railroad employé notified to flag the train, for this is only a wayside stopping place for the convenience of hunters and lumbermen. There was no telegraph office here, so no one was just sure when the train would come.

Six o'clock, and still no train. Waiting is monotonous. There is a camp-fire a short distance "up the track," and close by is a large white tent. This proves to be the rendezvous of three "wood cruisers," or professional estimators of the value of pine lands. They are preparing a supper. Baked pork and beans and pickles are on a table made from a box, and bread is baking in an open tin dish before the fire. When the doughy mass in the tin becomes brown on one side, it is turned over until it is brown on all sides; but when the loaf is broken open, alas! it is still a sticky mass of dough within. The difficulty, however, is easily overcome by this *chef* dressed in "Mack-inaws." He deftly "skins" off the crust and puts the remainder back again to bake. If necessary, the operation is repeated. Will the Doctor have some supper with them? Gladly, for he is very hungry. So the pork and beans and pickles, and the twice-baked bread, with butter which might have had some difficulty tracing its genesis to the Jersey cow, are eaten in a spirit of thankfulness to these rough but kindly hosts of the pine woods.

Seven o'clock, and still no train. Something must have happened; no one could predict now when it would arrive. The nearest telegraph station is eight miles—too far to walk after last night's hardships. It was time to think about making preparations to spend the night there, somehow. One of the hosts easily settled the matter by saying there was a canvas cot with plenty of blankets to spare.

Just before eight o'clock, as we are seated near the fire smoking and talking, a man with a lighted lantern comes hurrying down the track. He comes up to us rapidly, and asks if we have a railroad velocipede. We have not. The train went by long ago? No, not yet. There must be some accident? Anyway, he cannot wait; he must go down to—and telegraph for a doctor. Some one hurt? Yes. Well, here's a doctor. He is delighted, and remarks, "Well, aint that d—d lucky, now? And I kem near not stoppin' here at all. Kin you go right away?"

"Yes; how far is it?"

"A little over two mile."

We are soon on our way. He carries the satchel containing the instruments and other paraphernalia of the surgeon. During the scraps of breathless conversation, it is learned that "the felly that helps the cook in the shanty hurted himself cuttin' kindlin' wood." He had cut himself? Yes, he thought so. Where was the cut? He didn't know, but thought it was "his fut." Had he seen the man after his injury? He had not.

The most of the journey was made in silence, as far as speech was concerned, for the pace set by this sturdy giant was fast. "A little over two mile" is a long way at night, over a rough path through the woods, when one is tired. But hard tasks also have their ending, and the shanty was reached just after nine o'clock. The distance traveled must have been nearly four miles.

The patient is soon found. He is lying on a mattress in the middle of the floor, his neck swathed in a great mass of rags

of questionable cleanliness, while three or four rather scared looking companions are standing by. So it is not his "fut" but his neck which has received the injury. He groans a good deal, but his pulse indicates that he has not lost much blood, so preparations for repairing the damage are made with deliberation. Meantime it is learned that, while cutting kindling for the next morning's fire, his axe caught in a wire clothesline, stretched from the corner of the shanty to a neighboring tree, the fastening of the line pulled out at one end and the blade of the sharp instrument, in some unaccountable way, deeply cut the right side of his neck. The rags are now removed. Those nearest the wound are pretty thoroughly soaked with blood; so there has been considerable hemorrhage after all, probably from a superficial vein. But what is this great mass of black substance in the wound? Not a blood-clot? No; tobacco! Some good but unsanitary Samaritan has sacrificed his "quid" for the benefit of his suffering fellow; for the woodsman has a deep-rooted faith in the healing powers of tobacco. He believes, too, that it will promptly stop a hemorrhage. While preparations are being made to sew up the wound, the patient, a rather foolish-looking young fellow about twenty years old, is seized with a frenzy of fear, and has to be anesthetized before the work can be properly done. This, however, is soon accomplished, the men lending their aid, and the wound is seen to be nearly a transverse cut through about three-quarters of the mass of the great muscle of the right side of the neck. The artery has escaped by a good margin, but a large superficial vein was cut, which must have bled profusely at first. The wound is strikingly similar to the one attended last night.

The return journey to the railroad track is very fatiguing. Roads have become furlongs, miles unconquerable distances, and there is almost an overwhelming desire to lie down on some mossy log that we climb over, and go to sleep. But the railroad is finally reached and just in

time, for we can hear the roar of the belated train.

Home is reached about one o'clock in the morning. It is raining now, and a rough wind is blowing in from the east. With brain benumbed and muscles taxed to the limit of their endurance, home is a doubly blissful refuge from the driving storm without.

Sleep came that night without any wooing; but who can insure the physician's rest!

Sleep seems scarcely to have come when the door-bell rings. There can be no mistake about it, for it rings a second time and comes wonderfully sharp and clear, even to the tired brain. It rouses the latent savagery in one to have his sleep interrupted when he is so much in need of it. So the front door is opened in anything but an amiable frame of mind. There stands Joe Atley, a ne'er-do-well of the town. "What do you want?" is asked of him rather roughly. He makes no reply, but slowly and in a troubled way partly turns around until his profile and peculiar looking old cap are outlined against the feeble light of a distant street lamp. He staggers a little, but still makes no sound. Evidently he is drunk; for Joe, though a skilled worker in iron, is over-fond of strong drink. He has contracted sprees, followed by *mania a potu* and is quite a mental and physical wreck. The rain is now coming down in torrents and sweeps into the vestibule. Angrily the door is slammed shut. What right has this worthless fellow to disturb others with his drunkenness? But he must not be permitted to lie like a beast outside the door all night if he is not able to go home. So the door is quickly opened again, only to show that Atley is not there. Certainly not more than fifteen seconds have elapsed since the door was closed; but he is gone utterly, nor can his footsteps be heard on the board side-walk; but it is raining hard and the storm would drown, perhaps, the steps of one shod with rubbers.

Slowly the stairs are ascended, the bed sought, and sleep is about to come when

the front door-bell again rings loudly. This is too much for one's patience. The fellow shall be turned over to the authorities for proper punishment. The door is again opened and an angry speech begun, but as suddenly stopped. It is not Atley this time, but his little daughter, Jennie. She has a shawl thrown over her head from which the water is streaming, and looks completely terrified, in the dim light of the night lamp which is this time brought to the door.

"Heavens, child, what ails you? What is the matter?"

"O, Doctor, come quick, papa is dying!"

"Your father, child? Impossible! he left here a moment ago."

"No, no, no; he has cut his throat with a razor!"

Heavens and earth! Are the times completely out of joint? Are the rest of my nights to be spent repairing ghastly wounds in the necks of humanity? There is no desire for sleep now, no weariness. There is a penetrating, uncomfortable uncanniness about the situation which acts upon the brain like a powerful stimulating narcotic.

It takes but a few minutes to dress. We are soon on our way hurrying along the wet and deserted street, the terrified child clinging tightly to my hand. The house is soon reached; but there is no work here for a surgeon. In one of the dwelling's, three rooms, curled up, lying on the right side, with a bloody razor firmly gripped in the right hand, is the body of Atley. There is a horrible looking gash beginning about one inch below the left ear and sweeping downward below the larynx. Muscles, arteries, veins and nerves were all severed by the stroke and death came quickly. Near by lay the greasy old cap. It was perfectly dry. The most of the clothing was saturated with blood, but where there was no blood the clothing was dry. The rough shoes had mud on them but not much. They, too, were dry as well as the mud on them. When was the suicide committed? About half past one. What time was it now?

Just four minutes to two. What time had Atley come home that evening? He had not gone out at all after six o'clock. He had been drinking heavily for nearly two weeks. Yesterday he did not drink anything at all, nor to-day. He had been very restless and gloomy all day. Once to-night he had undressed and gone to bed, but did not remain there. Finally, about one o'clock or a few minutes after,

he arose and dressed as though he intended to go out to get a drink of liquor, as he had done on similar occasions. His wife begged him not to go, when suddenly he seized a razor from a shelf not far from the bed and quickly inflicted the wound described.

Who came to my front door and disappeared so mysteriously? Did anybody come, and did the bell really ring?



MY DORIS.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

NO MOTHER ever had two bonnier daughters than my Doris and Lois. Pretty names for twins, you say; but they were not twins. There was a year between them; but the girls were babies together, and as they grew older were like twins.

Doris was small of her age and Lois large, so when one was three and the other four they were taken for twins. I remember one morning, as father and I sat on the porch and the two girls went down the garden path, father said, "Mother, which is Doris? Really, I can't tell them apart."

You see, I dressed them just alike, and, as they were of the same height, with their sunbonnets on and backs toward us it took mother to tell which was which. I laughed as I said to father, "Don't you see Doris goes with a hop, skip and jump, while Lois every now and then stops and hops on one leg—then runs on to catch up with her sister?"

It was easy enough to tell them apart with their bonnets off, for Doris had long, soft, brown hair, with never a crinkle in it, and Lois had crooked hair,—like her father, as Doris said,—and it was lighter colored and always tousled and tumbled, and kept falling over her face; while Doris was, even as a child, a little old-maidish about her hair,—did not like the feeling of her hair on her face, so it was

combed back smoothly without a part in the middle,—and she always wore a circle comb. If near enough to look into their eyes, you could see one pair were soft, dark brown, and the other blue, gray or brown, as the mood of the owner changed,—which was so often that the eyes never became settled as to color. Of course I am speaking of Lois, for she was like her hair, crooked all over,—not that she couldn't be straight. She never crooked in one direction long enough to get fixed, and sometimes she straightened out and stood a trifle taller than her sister and was a model of a good girl. But Doris,—she was just a comfort from the first moment she opened her beautiful eyes and looked out on the world—until,—well, she still lives, thank God, the same comfort she has always been.

But father and I never could decide which one of the girls was the prettier, dearer or sweeter; and I don't know now, only Doris—well, Doris is Doris and no one else.

What good times those girls did have! We lived just on the edge of town, the best place to my mind to live. That reminds me of some verses—I don't know as I can repeat them, but they are something like this:

"Away where stretches that hazy line,
Where the town and country meet,
That line where the city's confines lie,
And begin the meadow sweet."

Who wrote it? I never can remember who writes such things, only it was by one of those poets that someway rest you, and you catch the scent of clover blossoms and a hint of sunset sky—and beyond—of pearly gates. I don't know as they call them great poets, but they are very satisfying to common folks.

But where was I? Why, way back with Doris and Lois, three and four years old; and, really, they didn't stay there, or indeed, stay little children any time at all. Why, first thing we knew there was Doris, every bit of eighteen, and Lois seventeen!

I never thought it could be they were anything more than children until John Bronson began to come to our house. I thought nothing of it at first, for all the boys and girls were in the habit of coming, but John was a little different. He had not been brought up in the town, but the family had lately come from the city, his father having bought up the glass manufactory and taken John into partnership. Well, the first time I noticed anything particular was in apple-blossom time, the spring that Doris was eighteen. I was sitting on the porch—it seemed but a few days since father and I sat on the same porch and I taught father how to tell the children apart—and John, Doris and Lois were under the apple tree which grew near the porch. And I heard them laughing and talking, as young folks will talk and laugh, when all of a sudden it seemed quiet and I looked up from my work and John, who was up in the tree, was just reaching a great bunch of apple blossoms down to the girls. Both girls had their hands extended to take them; when I saw John reach beyond Lois, who was nearest, to put them in Doris' hand. It was a little thing, but once or twice before I had noticed that it was Doris just a little first, though I had thought nothing of it, as she was the elder. I suppose I would have forgotten it this time had it not been for what followed. John went on picking and throwing down other branches,—for the girls were to have an apple-blossom party that after-

noon,—but Lois turned away and I saw from the flush on her face that she was hurt. And Doris saw it too, and her face grew as white as Lois' grew red. It had always been so—Lois would flush and Doris grow pale—and she looked after her sister with what seemed to me a strange look. John had noticed nothing, for Lois was soon as gay as ever, but Doris was very quiet, even for her, and I saw she watched Lois, choosing the sweetest blossoms for her, and then calling John's attention to both Lois and her flowers.

Well, from this time, someway, it happened that Doris was either busy when John came, or did not seem to take interest in the things which concerned him. John tried many times, and so, to do her justice, did Lois, to bring back the earlier times when the three were good company; and, if there was any difference, it was Doris that was the preferred one,—but it was no use. Someway no one felt like being very free with Doris. She sometimes seemed a little unresponsive, and this was the side she now showed to John, while she was more tender and gentle with Lois than she had ever been.

I was the only one that saw how things were going, and I could only keep still and let them "gang their ain gait." John and Lois were more and more content in each other's company, and Doris, seemingly, more and more with her own. It was only I that saw Doris' face grow white and Lois' flush when John came suddenly into the room. It was fortunate for Doris that her pallor was less noticeable than Lois' blushes. Only mother knew, and I would not have dared to show by word or look that I knew. Doris was not like other girls, and I never mentioned the subject, even to her father. I think Doris must have known I understood, from something she once said—but that was long years after, and this is not the time to speak of it.

O, how I suffered for the child! I could not be just to Lois, and must have hurt her often when she turned to me in her happiness, which day by day grew more apparent; for I almost pushed the

girl from me in my jealousy for Doris. I used to think hard things of John, which even included my latest born, and tried to induce their father to send both girls away from home, for I did Lois the injustice to think her feelings were not deep and she would forget John, and then I thought he would return to Doris. I might have known that the latter never could have been—I now know that the former would have been as impossible, for Lois' love for John was as deep and true as ever Doris' could have been.

It was hard times then, and father could see no reason for sending the girls away; for I could not feel it was using Doris well to even tell him what she had never told me.

So things took their own way, nay, took Doris' way, and one day I saw John and Lois standing under the same apple tree, although the apples had long since been gathered, and I knew from the flush on Lois' face, which was shyly raised to John's, and the tender way he drew the girl to him, that the story of love had been told, and I tried to put the thought of Doris out of my mind and rejoice in the happiness of Lois who, after all, was my baby.

I don't think I can tell you much about that next year, for Lois' father told John he must wait a year before he could take our baby from us. It was a happy year for Lois, and Doris was,—just Doris, and no one else. And somehow I cannot put it into words what that year was to me—who loved both, and sometimes suffered more than there was any need even, for Doris' sake—and failed to rejoice with Lois as the dear girl deserved. But John grew more and more to her, as was right, and mother less and less, as was natural, especially when I turned from her in my anxiety over Doris, whom no one but I saw was thinner, quieter, save on rare occasions, when she was unnaturally talkative and gay.

At such a time father said: "Doris grows more like Lois, doesn't she, Mother?"

And I retorted, "It wouldn't hurt Lois to become more like Doris."

I suppose I spoke kind of cross, for father looked surprised, then added, "Poor little mother! She is working hard and is tired."

Doris and I were working on Lois' wedding clothes. I used to wonder what Doris was thinking of as she overstitched the delicate lace on the dainty garments,—for she would let no one else do that part of the work,—but never a word said she, but she grew sweeter and dearer as the year drew to its close, and with apple-blossom time Doris, father and I were alone.

There isn't much to tell of the next three years—they were good years in their way for us all. A sunny-haired boy called my baby Lois "Mama," and a baby girl looked up into Lois' face, somehow, with a look like Doris.

Doris was dear as ever to me, but with the first baby Lois had her old place in my heart, which I suspect she had never really lost. One thing surprised me in Doris. She never seemed to take to her sister's children as I thought she would, and that hurt me a little, for father and I thought there had never been quite such children before. It was a new thing for us to have a boy in the family, and they had named him Edward, after his Grandfather Jameson, which pleased us both.

Father began to wonder that Doris never seemed to take any fancy to the young men who came, as young men will come, to a home where there is a pretty girl,—for Doris was—well, not just pretty, that word does not suit her. "Beautiful?" Well, that is a better word. I let father wonder. I sometimes wondered myself, but I knew it would be no use to talk to Doris about it, and besides she was such a comfort that home without Doris would not have seemed home at all.

Still, I could not help seeing that Doris did seem a little discontented at times. She took less interest in her music and drawing, and the sweet neighborhood charities which had helped to make her life more complete were neglected, and I found myself having a little return of my

old bitter feeling toward John and could not so well enjoy Lois and the children. Not that they were to blame, but I was always a little inconsistent where Doris was concerned.

One year later—it was a sultry July day—father was sleeping in his chair on the porch and Doris and I were sitting out under the trees in the front yard, when we saw a woman try to open the little front gate. She had a baby in her arms and Doris went to her help. I saw Doris take the baby from her and at the same time throw an arm around the woman; so, as quickly as I could go, I went to them. But we had to call father to help us, and together we carried the woman in and laid her on the lounge in the sitting room.

Well, Doris took care of the baby, and I of the woman, and the next day she told us her story. Perhaps I will tell it to you some day, but not now, only so far as it concerned Doris.

Doris took to the baby and the baby to Doris wonderfully. Someway she never had seemed to care much for babies before, but this one was different. The poor mother's eyes would follow Doris about the room as she carried baby in her arms, with a wistful look that many times brought tears to my eyes, for it was plain to be seen that, do all we could, we could not keep the "little mother" as Doris called her—long with us.

The end came sooner than we had thought, and just before she died she asked for Doris and baby,—and Doris came and, putting the baby into her weak arms, knelt beside the bed.

Father and I had talked the matter over and decided that we would keep the baby, but I had never spoken of it to the mother, had put it off from day to day, not thinking the end was so near; and now, that I saw she was dying, I came up to speak for the baby; but before I could do so the woman laid her hand on Doris' bowed head and said, "Miss Doris, I give Elizabeth to you."

Doris raised her head and, catching one of the thin hands in her own, laid the

other on baby's head, saying solemnly, "As the Lord liveth, I will be a mother to this babe."

I tried to stop the words and exclaimed, "You, Doris? You are but a slip of a girl yourself. Give her to me."

But the woman looked upon Doris with unutterable tenderness, then said, quietly turning her eyes to me, "You are kind and good, Mrs. Jameson, but Miss Doris needs baby more than baby needs her, and she will be the best mother in the world to Elizabeth."

Then as the mother love, strong in death, overcame everything else for a moment, she said in a tone of infinite love and regret, "Beth, my little Beth!"

We never called baby Beth. Doris would not have it. She said there was only one who had a right to call her so, and she was with the angels.

What did I do? Why, just nothing but keep silent, for neither the dying woman nor Doris had any thought of me. It was as if they two and baby were alone with God.

As Doris took the baby Elizabeth in her arms, instead of the usual pallor which in her showed intense feeling, a flush crept over her face unlike anything I had ever seen. It seemed to me like the radiance on the face of the Madonna, as she looks upon her holy infant; and with a strange pang I knew that to Doris had come—not as to others—the blessedness of motherhood.

Ah, there they come now—Doris and Elizabeth. What does the child call Doris? Well, there I *would* have my way. I said it was unseemly for the child to call her "mama," and it was decided by baby herself—for the first words she spoke was to say, "My Doris"—and she has always called her that since.

Elizabeth will be seventeen in a few days. Yesterday, Edward, John's eldest boy, was here and I saw him look at Elizabeth with something that reminded me of his father's look upon Doris before she took herself out of his life, and Doris saw it too. And we looked into each

other's eyes. Then with an impulsive movement, so rare in Doris, she reached out her hand and clasped mine, saying, "Marmee,"—she sometimes calls me that now,—“I have sometimes felt troubled that Elizabeth could have no sister, fearful she might be lonely without one.

Lois and I were so much to each other; but perhaps it is better so.” Then we were both silent, sitting with clasped hands, while each knew that the other was thinking of the days when there was but one John—and both a Doris and a Lois.



A JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCE.

BY HOWARD TEDFORD.

IT WAS a dry, hot day in August. I had just entered upon my duties as editor *pro tem.* of the Salem (Kansas) *Expositor*.

Before leaving for his summer outing at the lakes, the editor had carefully outlined my work. I was expected to look after the financial part of the concern, by far the most important part,—scrape up enough “stuff” of local happenings to fill out seven pages of primer leaded, besides scissoring a leader for the editorial page on the tariff or some kindred subject of vital importance to the paper's large and growing constituency. Should the editorial and business management of the sheet not occupy all my time, I was to help out the “prints” and do what subbing was necessary.

Just before taking his departure the editor also suggested that it would be a capital idea to cast some new rollers for the cylinder press if I found time outside of my regular duties. And, almost with the same breath used to bid us a farewell, he kindly ejaculated, “Now boys, don't work too hard.”

With this he was off to gather new inspiration from the lake region. The outlook for me was anything but encouraging; but I resolved to make the best of things.

The first week the paper made its appearance on the usual day of publication and there was no dearth of locals. But the second week news items were scarce—nobody was dying, and the phy-

sicians were unable to report any nine-pound babes with mother and child doing well. I was at a loss for anything to write about and the supply of stereotype plates was running short. To add to the dilemma and my general distress the financial end of the concern was not looking up. I had been told to draw my salary and pay the “devil” out of what money came into the office, and was instructed, in a joking way, to purchase government bonds with the surplus.

Imagine my embarrassment, when I received a letter from the editor stating that his expenses were a trifle heavier than he had anticipated and asking me to send him a draft for ten dollars.

The business stagnation of the *Expositor* was growing to be a serious matter with me. The farmers were busy with harvesting and for over a week not one of our farmer friends had called to renew, or to leave even so much as a pumpkin for the regulation puff of not less than a stick-full of type.

But to me the stringency of the money market was of minor importance compared with the scarcity of news. My reputation as an editor was at stake in Salem and the surrounding country. I sighed for a sensation, and one that would call for a slug head. But this was out of the question, unless some kind providence should come to the rescue. While I was sitting in the sanctum, trying to think of space-fillers, with my feet reclining on the editorial table, it occurred to me that

the citizens of Salem had not yet been advised by the *Expositor* to mow down the dog-fennel that was growing so luxuriantly in front of nearly every residence in the city. I had just sharpened my pencil for the performance of this annual duty when a messenger boy informed me that they had just received word over the line that a doctor's office at Kenton, a small town ten miles west of Salem, had burned to the ground, and that the charred remains of the physician had been found among the *débris*. Here was a sensation! It instantly flashed through my mind that "A Horrible Catastrophe" would make a suitable scare-head for it, and I started out to learn the details of the tragic occurrence. The County Coroner, Doctor Sill, had been summoned to the scene and he invited me to accompany him. An hour's ride over the level roads, bordered on both sides by villages inhabited by prairie dogs, brought us to Kenton.

A pall seemed to have settled upon that town. On every street corner could be seen groups of men with sorrow depicted on their faces. All were extolling the virtues of the deceased, leaving his faults to be interred with his bones. A coroner's jury was empaneled, and, while this was in progress, Doctor Sill and I walked to the place which marked

the spot where the office of the deceased had stood.

The body of the much lamented Doctor Young, Kenton's popular family physician, had been tenderly laid out in a wagon-box awaiting the action of the jury. As we approached the spot the doctor, sniffing the air, confidentially remarked that, judging from the odor in that immediate vicinity, the corpse gave signs of having been a corpse for several days.

The surroundings were anything but pleasant for us, so while, waiting for a dilatory member of the jury, we walked over to "the late home of the deceased," to give consolation as best we could to the grief-stricken widow.

Mrs. Young seemed to be quite sad and somewhat agitated, and several tears could be seen stealing down her cheeks; but through it all she manifested a Christian spirit and appeared to be duly resigned to her widowhood.

There was something in her manner which led us to suspect that her grief was not genuine, and when the doctor asked her if her husband carried any life insurance and the reply came quickly, "Yes, five thousand dollars," that settled us in the conviction that she was shamming.

The idea that the whole thing was a fraud had never entered the mind of a single citizen of Kenton. Returning to the scene of the doctor's death, the examination was begun. The body was found to be in a good state of preservation except that decomposition had set in.

By this time the jury had all arrived and the men were looking with sorrowful countenances on the lifeless figure before them.

Said Doctor Sill to a member of the jury, "Had the doctor any gold filling in his teeth?"

"No, I am sure he had none," came the quick reply.

"Then we have got the wrong man," answered the doctor, "for this man's mouth is gold-lined."

"On hearing this the man stepped



HOWARD TEDFORD, OF MT. AYR.

forward and took a searching look at the remains. Then starting back very suddenly with a look of surprise and horror, he exclaimed, "My God, I recognize the face of John Kelley, who died last week."

The body was not so badly burned as was at first thought. The other members of the jury concurred in the opinion that it was that of John Kelley, and a number of bystanders, who were more outspoken in their opinions declared they would be willing to swear to it, notwithstanding the doctor's watch was found in the vest pocket of the deceased.

Men were at once sent to the cemetery, just over a distant hill, to open the grave in which Kelley had been laid only the week before. They soon returned and announced that only the empty coffin was found in the grave. At this point the work of the coroner's jury ended. It was patent to all that the whole affair was a deep-laid plot to defraud the insurance company. The gloom which had spread over the city because of the doctor's supposed death passed away with the setting sun, and the people began to hold select indignation meetings.

Having completed our work late in the afternoon, the doctor and I started for Salem with the profound satisfaction of having accomplished a good work. I had carefully taken in the whole situation with a view of giving it a full account in the *Expositor*, and had gathered together all the necessary notes. The paper was expected to make its appearance the next morning, and of course our readers would be anxiously awaiting a detailed account of the awful tragedy. Reaching home

at a late hour, the printers were summoned to appear at the office and told of the importance of the occurrence which must necessarily be written up in that issue. We all joined hands in the work and by 1 o'clock that night we were ready to go to press with a three-column account of the affair.

The next morning the *Expositor* was greatly in demand, and the exposure of the fraud was an entirely new feature of the affair. The other three papers in the town contained long accounts of the tragedy, giving the doctor's obituary and "extending to the bereaved the sympathy of the entire community."

It was a glorious scoop for the *Expositor*, and I had by this time firmly established my reputation as an editor.

But why weary the reader with an extended account of subsequent events incident to the sensation! Suffice to say the body of John Kelley was laid to rest again. Detectives were put on the track of the yet living Doctor Young, and in a few months he was brought before the bar of justice to answer to three charges, viz: Incendiarism, grave robbery and fraud. The trial lasted several days and excited intense interest. The jury was composed of twelve good men and true. They were in the jury room only one hour when they returned with a verdict of guilty as charged in the indictment. The judge sentenced him to twenty years' penal servitude in the state penitentiary, but the officer who escorted him to his future abiding place allowed him to escape at a transfer station, and, for aught I know, the wily doctor is now planning to play the same game elsewhere.



CUBA LIBRE.

I.

THE VISION.

O WONDROUS vision of the risen dead,
Where death is sleep and sleep is at the morn
Upon the mountains whither thou hast fled,
Spurned by the proud, the tyrant's sport and scorn!
Thou Daughter of the Sea, flower-wreathed and fair,
Soft in thy loves but fierce in motherhood,
Thy banners bathed in blood, in God's free air
Fly as the eagle proud and unsubdued,
While round them gather hearts that do and dare
For Liberty! O, beautiful yet fierce!
Thou snatchest from the Black Wolf's fangs that tear
Thy children; and with thousand darts doth pierce
The tyrant's heart! Up from the crimson sea
Rings out the cry that Cuba shall be free!

II.

GOMEZ.

"For God and Liberty!" is heard by all;
There are no bounds to circumscribe the cry!
Where falls the warrior's stroke God's thunders fall,
While at the front his conquering banners fly.
Lead on, Gomez! Before you falls the foe,
And freemen's hearts beat for you round the world!
Although their swords unsheathed may strike no blow,
For you their eagles may not be unfurled;—
Yet, on the mountains camp an unseen host
Who wait the trumpet's long delayed command.
God waits sometimes until the battle's lost,
Then wrests the victory from the conquering hand.
Lead on, Gomez! Thy country's bright'ning star
Ne'er sets where Freedom's constellations are!

III.

WEYLER.

The Black Wolf snarls impotent in his hate,
With crimson lip and frenzy in his eye,
As sounds across the night that cry, "Too late!"
While wailing echoes with it burdened die.
Nor matters it if in ambition's quest
The laurels sought—they wither ere they bloom!
If love of men, then Hate shall sit thy guest;
If gratitude, mankind shall spurn thy tomb.
A prince may gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Yet kings may not from thee God's curse remove;
While those who by that sword in battle die
Will sleep embalmed in every freeman's love.
Yet thou, base Weyler! from the crimson ground
The dead will curse with tongue in every wound.

IV.

DEAD MACEO.

Ah! what is this clings clammy to my hand?
Is it a dripping dagger smeared with blood?
Whose face is this lies pale upon the sand?
Dead, cold and still! O, God! Thou pitying God!
Hast thou forsaken Liberty? Maceo
Lies murdered! He whom angels seemed to
guide!
Because that his great soul did overflow
With love for man and liberty so wide,
The world grew circumscribed by it! Ah, me!
There was but one such Maceo, and so
His blood must consecrate ere it could free.
Now, from each drop shall rise to meet the foe
The hosts embattled from the farthest sea,
And thou shalt triumph in thy Cuba free!

W. V. Lawrence.

A PLEA FOR THE VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT CLUB.

BY MRS. JESSIE MALLORY THAYER.

(Including Notes by Mrs. Julia Plato Harvey.)

THE village improvement idea is one of the practical results of the advancement of women into the business and municipal life of the world.

The government and care of every town is placed in the hands of a mayor and city council,—men who add these grave duties to the onerous business burdens they already carry, and who too often can spare barely time and thought enough from their own personal affairs for the regular routine of municipal business, having no possible leisure for anything beyond what is actually demanded of them by the office they hold.

Having elected these men to office, oftentimes with little or no thought on the part of the voters as to their real qualification for such an important task as the care of the health and welfare of a whole community, the average man concerns himself no further as to the manner in which the city fathers fulfill their trust. "It is their business to take care of the city; it was for that purpose we elected them," the citizens say. "We have no time to spare from our own business" is the universal excuse when they are asked to give a little time and thought to some civic need, and they relentlessly turn their backs upon their own best interests, and as long as the city officers do not commit high crimes and misdemeanors, their work receives little attention and less thanks from the people they serve.

Here is where the women, with their practical knowledge of cleanliness derived from the care of their homes; their desire for proper sanitation, quickened by the mother's anxiety for her children's health; their love of all that is beautiful and ornamental, innate in almost all women's souls, should show their patriotism as true, earnest citizens, by helping

the city council to do its work successfully, and by relieving that body of some of the minor details, which require so much time, thought and knowledge, and which go far towards the rightful care of any town.

What city council, if it be composed of honest, patriotic men, will not be grateful for the coöperation of an association of citizens which has for its object, a united effort to help enforce the laws and insure health and cleanliness to the people under their care?

What can a village improvement club accomplish in a community? An organization of this nature has no legal power. It cannot make nor enforce laws, but it starts people to thinking and awakens an interest in facts and conditions of really vital importance, and true benefits are bound to ensue. When citizens realize that it is their duty to know the laws of their town, and, further, to make manifest their desire to have only good laws, strictly enforced, the power of an improvement club falls little short of that of the actual law-makers. As a rule it is not the lack of civic laws, but that they are not in operation, which produces the slovenly, ill-kept town. In our case,—I refer to the work of a local organization in Chariton, Iowa,—we found upon investigating that we had ordinances galore; laws piled upon laws, and some of them regular Blue-laws, but many of them quite unobserved by authorities and people. "Why," said His Honor, the Mayor, "if I was to demand strict obedience to every law that is on our books, nearly all our best citizens would be in jail." Hence we should first know that we have reasonable, sensible laws, and then insist that they be carried out to the fullest extent.

Until within a few years, the belief

seems to have prevailed that only they who dwell in large and wealthy cities can enjoy the delights of well-kept streets and sidewalks, beautiful parks, velvety lawns, curb-parking and ornamenting. Of the vast numbers of people living in country towns, many have been content to visit occasionally the great cities, make pilgrimages to their parks and fashionable avenues, gaze with admiration and envy at the order and beauty on every side, and then return to their homes regretting that fate compels them to spend their lives in a shabby little town, with untidiness and ugliness on every side.

They live and die in the firmly-rooted conviction that a country village must always be a slovenly, unlovely spot, because it always has been, and finally they are buried in a neglected graveyard, all overrun with weeds and brambles—a place so repellant in appearance as not to deserve the beautiful name, cemetery.

We are by no means blind to the charm of the beautiful, either natural or artificial, when we see it in and around cities, but it has only recently dawned upon us that we in country towns can have much of this same beauty and attractiveness at far less cost and trouble than our city friends expend.

What reason is there for any man or woman who is fortunate enough to be able to own or rent a home with a lawn and garden, either large or small, to leave the grass uncut, the trees untrimmed and flowers and vines unplanted?

Not so pleasant, but quite as important a task, is the consideration of the back yards of a town. Instead of always driving and walking on the main streets and thoroughfares, take an alley excursion some fine day, and see for yourselves how your townsmen keep the rear of their premises. This won't hurt you and it may help others. Some may say, "It is no one's business but my own, how I keep my premises," but do not let that daunt you. These same back yards and alleys breed sickness and fevers, and most unfortunately it is more often the

neighbor who suffers than the offending property holder. If the sins of the one who leaves decaying vegetables and filth of all kinds to accumulate fell only on his own head, we could perhaps agree with him that it is solely his own business. But generally the families of others, and particularly the delicate children, pay the penalty for the neighbor's neglect and carelessness.

O, this crying evil of making work and sorrow for other people! The housekeeper begins it when she sends to the kitchen the refuse she does not know just what to do with. She sends it on to one with probably still less intelligence, who, in turn, shifts it off to the alley or garbage box; and from results one must conclude that intelligence decreases with the progress, until, suddenly, a real, live problem is reached; one that is occupying some of the best minds of the present day, "What shall we do with our garbage?"

This seems almost humorous when we find the woman who started the procession, offering her assistance and sometimes having really good ideas about the final disposal of this mixed mass, which, with proper attention, need never have left her own door.

Let us address ourselves to the near end of this problem, and show that every woman can care for and burn her own rubbish; have the tin cans buried in the alley, covering them with cinders and ashes and thereby make a good road instead of the mudhole which is so often the chronic condition of an alley.

Don't throw things away. Where is that "away" to which we consign things? It does not exist. It is amusing to note the satisfaction with which many a notable housekeeper says: "I have my garbage taken 'away' twice a week." She does not realize that there is no "away," and that the garbage is only transferred from her premises to some place where it will breed malaria for other people's children instead of her own. And the load of old tins, which she delights to be rid of, is generally deposited in a

conspicuous spot, by some pleasant country road,—a blot on the landscape, greeting the eyes of all who pass.

And teach the children that, by deeds of omission and commission, they can render great aid in the care of their town. Teach them not to throw their school papers into the street; not to throw down the envelope and paper wrapper as they come out of the post-office; not to throw down fruit parings for someone else to pick up, or to lie and decay, breeding evil germs. These may seem but trivial matters, but they will produce lasting results. In time, it will become a matter of habit with the most careless child to notice and dislike untidiness in his surroundings, which, before the subject was agitated, would have been totally unseen.

Reference has already been made to the sad condition existing in many rural cemeteries. Here is a noble work for every improvement association. It is not necessary to dwell at length upon this subject. We all know the tremendous contrast between the cemetery where neatness and order and even beauty prevail and the neglected spot which makes us shudder when necessity compels us to visit it. The anguish of laying away our loved ones is intensified when we must leave them alone in a repulsive place from which they shrank with terror when living. What more sacred task than to help make the City of the Dead a place that tells for itself the story of loving hearts and revered memories!

Now, let us look at the possibilities of a village improvement club, apart from its work as a means of cleansing and beautifying the town and its environment, and upholding the law. Each year, and many times during the year, we hear orations and addresses on patriotism. Now, this is the dictionary definition of patriotism: "Love of one's country. The passion which moves a person to serve his country, either in defending it from invasion, or in protecting its rights, and maintaining its laws and institutions." Nothing could be better than this definition, if only it be rightly interpreted; but does

not patriotism mean to us generally something far off, heroic and impossible to common, everyday life? The courage to go to war, to sacrifice one's life, one's home and the happiness of all who are dearest; to fight the enemy, whether he be a foreign foe or one's own brother; to destroy property, in fact, to wreck and ruin everything that comes in the way? But this is patriotism for men alone.

Another kind of patriotism shows itself on each Fourth of July, in the further risking of life and limb with fire and gunpowder, by the men and children.

There really seems to be nothing patriotic for the women but to pick up the scattered remnants of men and children, homes and property, and patiently do the best they can for and with them. And this without excitement, with no inspiration of martial music, no fame, no glory; only quiet endurance and hard work—and no one dreams of calling this patriotism! Not being able to manifest our loyalty in any of these accepted ways, nor by making laws and voting for those who do make them, is there not an opportunity for women to show their love of country in what may be termed Civic Patriotism? When each town is saved, the country will not need saving.

Devotion to our great land is being instilled in every child's heart, by the growing observance in our schools of memory-days for our heroes, Washington, Lincoln, Grant; and for our poets, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, whose songs thrilled the hearts of the people to heroism. But why not teach the children further that they need not wait for some great national crisis, to show their willingness to serve their country, but may begin to-day, by learning to be useful citizens. Teach them that there is as much patriotism in picking up the remains of Fourth of July pleasures, as there was in scattering them broadcast over the town. Help our brothers, husbands and sons, who would consider very gravely their possible duty to go to war for their country, to realize that real love of country begins right in the town where they happen to

live. Help them to see that this same love of country should take them first to the primaries, and then to make a strong, honest fight until they have placed the right kind of men in office. There must be a grave lack of civic patriotism, which perhaps is the only kind within our reach, when our people are so indifferent to the necessity of placing the best element among us in power, and the men best qualified for the task are so unwilling to give time and intelligence to the service of their home town.

In addition to its possibilities for fanning the flame of practical patriotism, the village improvement club is an organization which should make community life happier; bring us into more neighborly relations, and bind us more closely together than any other factor at work among us. It can be made the ideal society simply from the fact that it may be composed of men, women and children of all classes, creeds and politics. The rich and the poor, the old and the young, the Protestant, Romanist and atheist, may all be bound together because the task of making our mutual living place healthier, handsomer, happier,—better in all respects, is a common ground whereon all citizens should be able to meet in perfect accord.

Where can you find any other one object wherein the community, either from selfish or unselfish reasons, is mutually interested? Our churches? They are all working for one object, the salvation of souls; but how sad a comment upon them is it, that men are able to say of them, they are so separated in their methods, so far apart in their numberless doctrines and beliefs, that true Christian fellowship is often lost sight of; and our church members (instead of being bound together by one common bond) sneer at each other's beliefs and actually work against each other! Do our churches unite us all in our community life? Our schools? They are objects of special interest only to those whose children are in them, and to a few noble minded persons who realize the tremendous impor-

tance of right character of early education for the youth of our land. They are neglected by the majority of the parents, who seem to think if they have placed their children in a school, their whole duty has been accomplished. Our libraries? Talk with the librarians and learn if all the citizens are actively interested in their existence. Our clubs and classes? They belong only to the fortunate few. So we claim, if the members of a community are divided rather than united by its politics, its creeds and its institutions, there still remains one common interest—the town itself, and, in regard to its welfare, we should be like one united family, each member doing all in his power for the good of the whole.

Many of us feel that our time is already so fully occupied that we cannot possibly ally ourselves with any more organizations, be their object never so worthy; therefore, I do not urge the wholesale formation of village improvement clubs in places where the work can be taken up as an auxiliary to some already established society. The organization craze is abroad in the land, and we are in grave danger of overdoing a good thing. If you have several women's study clubs in your city, endeavor to unite all the members in one department devoted solely to civics, then open the doors to the citizens at large. Or, if you have an efficient library association, let its members undertake the further promotion of the interests of the town, by taking up the village improvement work. The very broad aims of the village improvement club necessitate the cooperation of both men and women. It is true the women alone have done excellent work in many instances, but they have had the sympathy and assistance of the men in their tasks, or they would oftentimes have failed. It is a work that must be catholic to insure real success. The children can aid greatly in the work, and the spirit of interest in the appearance and affairs of the town engendered by this work is good for the children as well as the town. It is especially important that the

teachers in our schools appreciate the value of this work. Through them the seeds of good citizenship may be daily scattered, and an occasional visit of a committee from the improvement association is valuable in keeping the subject alive in the minds of both teachers and children. Some amusing anecdotes are told, resulting from the visits of our committees to the primary grades. One small boy astonished his family, after one of the appeals to the children, by rushing into the house and exclaiming in an anxious voice, "Oh, Mother,—can I pay ten cents and go out and clean up the streets?" while one baby girl carried a loose paper in from the front lawn and said solemnly, "Mamma, burn this quick, or the improvisation will be after us!"

When the village improvement idea takes hold of us, the question at once presents itself, how can we force people to improve and beautify their property, if they are not interested in doing so? There is no known way to make any man expend a dollar or an ounce of energy for this purpose. The only way the desired result can be brought about is by the force of example. If all the people in a community who wish their town cleansed and beautified will carry out their ideas as far as is in their power upon their own property, the influence is bound to be felt by the man who has never wished for better things. If two or three families in each block will take the trouble to keep the grass carefully cut, not only inside their fences (if they must have them), but outside, too; park the strip of ground between the sidewalk and the street; plant trees, shrubs and flowers, and keep them all tastefully, it will not be many seasons until the contrast between the well-kept places and those of the old order of things will make itself plainly felt. The difference will manifest itself, not only from the æsthetic standpoint of beauty, but from the more practical point of view, real estate value. The man who would not spend a dollar nor an hour to improve the appearance of his property, can neither sell nor rent

as readily as his neighbor, who has benefited himself as well as the whole community by beautifying his place.

One of the gravest dangers in a new and enthusiastic organization of this nature is the attempt to undertake too much at once. Another stumbling stone is the effort to force needed reforms through too rapidly. It is of absolute necessity that the officers and committees realize that they must conciliate and not antagonize; otherwise failure must be inevitable. Nothing could be truer or more to the point than Mr. Northrup's advice on this subject, given in the *Forum*.

The main difficulty with improvement clubs is at the outset, and due to the inertia of indifference, or to ignorance of the subject. At the start the aims of an association should be few and explicit. The momentum given by successfully doing one task is great. The education of a community is a slow process, but, once happily begun, it advances with acceleration. Lead, but do not too far outstrip public opinion, lest you excite stubborn prejudice. The founders of such an association, therefore, knowing the local conservatism, should propose only the accomplishment of open, gross and palpable improvements, and then wait for the community to catch up with them. But, the coöperation of all classes once aroused, there are very few things these societies cannot do.

The paths that are open and waiting for the work of village improvement clubs are many and diverse. In Chariton, which is a fair type of the Middle-Western town, the work accomplished by the association is plainly in evidence. We began on the town cow! Five years ago our streets were common pastures, and it was not an unusual episode to meet a stray cow wandering down the main business street or monopolizing the right of way on the sidewalk. For many years our citizens as individuals had besought the council to give us an ordinance restraining stock, but the possible loss of future votes overbalanced the weight of individual petitions. Organized effort, however, proved of more avail, and the improvement club secured the much needed stock law. The "poor widow's cow," for which we had annually heard such heartrending appeals, is restrained where she cannot break down other poor widows' fences, ruin their gardens and make a general nuisance of herself.

After downing the innocent cow, we began our attack on the far less innocent back alley. We found the accumulated filth of many years, and, in comparison with this task, the town cow paled into nothingness. We are not out of the alleys yet; but, with the active efforts of the mayor, the marshal, the health officer and the city council, we are making a strong pull for cleanliness and healthfulness.

We are also after the loose papers thrown into our streets. Nothing contributes more to the untidy appearance of our towns than the miserable habit of sweeping out papers and filth from the stores. Nothing is more easy to dispose of than a piece of paper; but alas, nothing is so lasting, so perpetual, so unsightly as that piece of paper when sent out into the world. It blows about as long as it remains dry, then becomes soaked with filth though never buried from sight. Next it dries again and goes on, scattering germs of disease on its way. One of the most peculiar features about this loose paper nuisance is that our committees have yet to find the merchant who is guilty of or ever permits a paper to be swept from his door! It is always "those men next door" who are so careless, and the mystery remains where the countless papers flying about, frightening horses and disfiguring streets, can possibly come from.

Then there is the tin can crop. If the great philanthropic genius of our day would but turn his attention to the possibilities of old tin cans!

One peculiarity of most communities, large and small, is the universal habit of dumping all kinds of garbage and trash upon the railroad right of way through the city or town. Presumably this is permitted because the right of way belongs to some corporation, whose officers have enough on their minds, provided for them by the state legislatures and interstate commerce commission, not to bother themselves about such small matters as tin cans, old shoes and battered stove-pipe, varied by worn out coffee-pots and

wash-boilers. It is for the best interests of every town that the numberless people traveling through it should receive a pleasing impression, rather than the idea that the place is shiftless and unclean, and consequently unwholesome and undesirable for a home. Yet we go on permitting the dumping of all kinds of unsightly objects and filth where they cannot fail to be seen from the car windows. Recalling the attractive appearance of the railway property along the "Pennsylvania" and other eastern routes, we determined to urge the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy people to improve and ornament their depot grounds and approaches to the town. The matter was brought before the General Manager of the road who listened with interest to the appeal, and then replied: "Just as soon as your association will induce your townspeople to stop using our right of way as a dumping ground, we will certainly spend some money to beautify our property," and we could but acknowledge the justice of the response.

We found our city park an ugly, forsaken looking place, and have converted it into a blooming garden enjoyed by all.

By permission of the city authorities our association selected pleasing and appropriate names for our streets and placed signs at every corner, bearing the entire expense thereof.

Further details of our work can hardly be given in an article intended for general use, but there seems to be an endless variety of opportunities for good, when the work is once established. No city council, unless it be composed of a superior and unknown order of men, who are willing and anxious to devote their entire time and intelligence to the task, can hope to keep the town under their charge in a thoroughly wholesome, clean, attractive condition, unless they have the united sympathy and support of all the citizens; and, is there a way in which this can better be obtained than through the efforts of the village improvement club?

A SINGER.

TO ELEANOR TERRY.



MRS. ELEANOR L. TERRY, OF WAUKESHA, WIS.

*She stood before the eager, gazing throng,
Fair-faced, full-throated, while she drank the wine
Of life,—the tribute to her voice divine
That touched the harmony of heaven's song.
A woman, thirsting for the common praise?
Nay, say not so; for every soul has trod
Sometime its hilltops, all alone with God,
And looked unblinded on His sun's rich rays.*

*To feel that throng, vast, throbbing, dark with care,—
Swept by one spirit, in one burst of song,
Up to His feet, and held a moment there,
Might well atone a thousand years of wrong!
A pulseless hush—a spirit's mighty stir—
And thousands drank the wine of life with her.*

Fanny Kennish Earl.

OUR LATER LITERATURE AND ROBERT BROWNING.

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

WHETHER Browning's verse be cast in the dramatic form or be simply monologue, or even balladry, the distinctive thing in it is the dramatic and human element that animates it. For mere prettiness Browning seemingly cared nothing, and you may read page after page without coming upon one line that shall linger in your memory because of its music. A bold image, a striking picture, is more to him than any flowing succession of vowels or smooth assonance of consonants, and a strong touch of human passion is yet more than all of these things put together. Or, if he does venture upon any merely verbal effects, they will very probably be like this one from "De Gustibus":

"What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice encircled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine."

In this, the last is an adaptation of sound to sense, of which the most perfect master of poetical technique might be proud. The word "gash" gives to us, in addition to the meaning of a cleft, the sense of wildness, and no synonym of "stormy" could take the place of the expression "wind-grieved." It makes us conscious of the southing of the gale among the trees at midnight, and the grief of the natural world in the rocky heights of the jagged mountains; its moans and cryings become real and palpable to us.

It is a well established principle of art, that the subordination of detail to the one thing that the artist wishes to impress upon those who shall read his writings, hear his music, or look upon his picture, must be a matter of prime consideration. It is not enough that the chief character of the drama be fully portrayed, or that the grace of budding womanhood in a fair young girl be made clear and striking in a picture. It is also requisite that there be an elimination of every event of

the drama in its actual occurrence, every detail of the picture as reality would have shown it to us that would take attention from the one thing for which the drama was written or the picture painted, without adding to it anything of vividness or clearness. To this canon of art Browning adheres with remarkable fidelity in his dramas, despite the fact that he elsewhere follows in the wake of the realist and tells us everything that is to be told, leaving to our poetic instinct the selection of the important and striking things in the portrayal.

"Paracelsus"—beginning the list of his dramatic performances—concerns itself with four persons only, and, of these four, three are introduced solely to aid in the delineation of the fourth, *Paracelsus*, whose soul development is the one thing with which the poem concerns itself. The plot of the piece is slight, if, indeed, it can be said to have a plot at all, and of incident there is also next to nothing. *Paracelsus*, soliloquizing at Constantinople, recalls the

"Morn
I ran o'er the seven little grassy fields,
Startling the flocks of nameless birds, to tell
Poor Festus, leaping all the while for joy,
To leave all trouble for my future plans,
Since I had just determined to become
The greatest and most glorious man on earth."

This is the beginning, and the end is reached when he tells Festus of the man who has taught him the most of the mystery of life:

"A man
With aims not mine and yet pursued like mine,
With the same fervor and no more success,
Perishing in my sight; who summoned me,
As would shun the ghastly fate I saw,
To serve my race at once; to wait no longer
That God should interfere in my behalf,
But to distrust myself, put pride away,
And give my gains, imperfect as they were,
To men."

It is safe to say that this could not have been written in Shakespeare's day, and

yet the date of its opening scene precedes the date of the great dramatist's birth by over fifty years. The drama is true to its age, but it is that age understood by the light of three centuries of progress, understood as Shakespeare and his fellows could not understand it, however splendid the literature they produced. Theirs was distinctly an age of action, and they could not know that it contained the seeds of a later time in which not action, but the thought that leads to action, is of the greatest consequence. In such an age it was inevitable that the interest of imaginative literature in general should be made to depend largely upon its incident, but the change in life and manners has necessarily resulted in a change in literary art as well. As among the Elizabethans the deeper and finer sensibilities which are possible to man either were not developed or were not given play by reason of the predominance of grosser appetites and passions, so, of necessity, man, the animal, figures almost exclusively in our older literature.

Perhaps it will be said that Macbeth and Hamlet are studies in mental development no less than dramas of action and incident, but they are exceptions. Even in them the characters are fairly definite and clear-cut to begin with, and remain practically the same men and women to the end of the chapter. Subtle as is Shakespeare's portrayal of character, it remains simply portrayal and is never a study in soul-development, such as characterizes the best modern work in both poetry and fiction.

If we turn to recent novel-writing we shall find abundant evidence of the tendency toward making literature more and more a history of the inner self and of the changes wrought in it by the shifting circumstances of its environment. Mrs. Humphry Ward's creations will occur at once as illustrating this very forcibly, even though *David Grieve* is supposed to be a creature of heredity rather than environment. Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" weaves its spell of dream and mystery and unfulfilled desire,

in a measure, through the play of circumstance upon the destinies of a few people, but more through its play upon themselves,—what they are and what they think and feel. For the lonely Boer boy of the story the events of life have but little variety; but for all of them he can show a new self; each one brings him change, growth, and a finer and deeper personality. In our older literature the new facts of life, crowding upon the lonely boy, would have changed his life; indeed, would have resulted in an altogether different course of action; but that course would have been pursued from the old point of view; he would have been the same boy still. In the literature of to-day the influence of an enlarged knowledge of life goes deeper than only so far as to be reflected in action. It affects the entire man, not only in what he says and does, but in what he thinks and is, as well. Shakespeare's men and women are real and living creations, acting before us the drama of life, with its pleasure and its pain, its hate, its love and its forgiveness. Browning's heroes and heroines are souls, sensitive, through all their passionate strength and weakness, to all the subtle influences that make life or mar it. Shakespeare shows you the smile of his courtiers and lets you know that it is but a thin disguise for the blackness of their hearts; but Browning and the moderns let you feel the throbbing pulse and see the feverish cheeks that tell of joy's elation, of struggle or despair; and you follow the quickening heart-throbs, moment by moment, making the soul-history of a human being your own.

It would be interesting to trace the effect of the development of modern scientific thinking upon literary art. The native gift of the story-teller would be seen employed in delighting the world without the aid of any maxims of art whatever; but, as later inquiry into the character of natural phenomena finds causes for them outside of the caprice of an overruling spirit, so cause is sought for the greater pleasure found in some



ROBERT BROWNING IN MIDDLE LIFE.

From an engraving in the Aldrich Collection, Iowa Historical Department.
The engraving was made about the time of the poet's marriage
with Elizabeth Barrett, which occurred in 1846.

literary compositions than in others, and the rules of rhetoric have their beginning. This leads to the graces of style and to study of the externals of character, always more interesting to the ordinary mind than the delineation of those subtle things in human thought and feeling that become of interest only with the more perfect development of the scientific spirit. No one but a modern, given to keen and careful analysis of the varying phases, mental, moral, and spiritual, through which a sensitive soul must pass, could have written Browning's "Soul's Tragedy," seeing and making us see that the real tragedy of the play is in the delicate working of Chiappino's purposes, equal for once to the nobility of self-sacrifice, but failing utterly to maintain that moral elevation to the end. Luitolfo and Eulalia are betrothed lovers, to the former of whom Chiappino has long been a warm friend and to the latter of whom

he declares himself a lover just before the time for his enforced leaving of Faenza, through having incurred the enmity of the provost of the place by voicing the grievances of the people in a somewhat too bold and democratic fashion. Luitolfo, going to intercede for him with the provost, is provoked to kill the latter, and then in the confusion escapes and makes his way home to Eulalia and Chiappino, just as the latter, soon to be an exile from Faenza and Eulalia as well, is railing at fate and the slavish hearts of men. Luitolfo, covered with blood, rushes into the room and tells his story, and that with such effect that Chiappino, assuming leadership at once, sends his friend away disguised as the exile, himself, and remains behind to meet the officers of the law with the assertion that he, and not Luitolfo, is the murderer. To his surprise the crowd that surrounds the house is composed of his fellow towns-

men, who greet his announcement of himself as the murderer of the provost with shouts of approval, proclaiming him their "best man" and carrying him away with them as their acknowledged leader in revolt against the tyranny of established law and order. The taking upon himself of his friend's guilt, which was nobleness when it promised death, is now the blackest sort of falsehood when it has brought with it a certain measure of success; but Chiappino is lured by the promise of influence and power, and so lets the moment for disclaiming his friend's deed go by. This falsehood undermines his whole self and in the end he consents to become the instrument of that very tyranny against which he had before made such violent protest. All this is vitally human; its warmth and color have the glow and hue of life itself, and its conflict is not simply that of man with his surroundings

and his fellows, but is also, and in an even greater degree, his struggle with himself and with the intangible suggestions of circumstance, drawing him away from that which he has been to that which he has before hated and been at war with.

That this spirit of character analysis is not local and individual is made abundantly evident by even the most casual survey of the books that stir the world year by year; and, if this were not enough, it would be made clear by the shifting of public sentiment in its estimate of authors to whom the world has for a long time given the willing tribute of smiles or tears. The records of public libraries show that Dickens, so often and indeed

so successfully a painter of masks and mummeries, is losing ground to the more delicate and penetrating art of George Eliot, in its way, dealing as closely with the phases of mental change and growth as does Browning's in that apotheosis of analysis, "The Ring and the Book." Even the cold north, shut out in great measure from close and vital connection with the world's intellectual and artistic movements, has caught the tone of thought and feeling that animates the world of art, and Norway's great dramatic poet, Ibsen, plays upon such fine strings of human emotion that Nora, in "A Doll's House," leaves her husband when they have long been living happily

A FAMOUS SONNET BY BROWNING.

At Dr. F. J. Furnivell's suggestion, Robert Browning was asked to contribute a sonnet to the Shakespearean Show-Book of the Shakespearean Show, held in Albert Hall, London, on May 29-31, 1884, to pay off the debt on the Hospital for Women, in Fulham Road. The poet sent to the committee this sonnet to the names, Jehovah and Shakespeare. The original of this sonnet (of which the following is a fac simile) was loaned THE MIDLAND MONTHLY by Hon. Charles Aldrich, from the famous Aldrich Collection, in the Historical Department of Iowa.

The Names.

Shakespeare! - To such name's sounding, what succeeds
 Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell, -
 Aft follows word, the speaker knows full well,
 Nor tampers with its magic now than needs.

Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
 With his soul only; if from lips it fell,
 Echo, back-thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
 Would own "Thou didst create us." Nought impedes
 He voice the other name, man's most of might,
 Awesomely, lovingly; let awe and love
 Mutely await their working, leave to sight
 All of the issue as - below - above -
 Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove
 Though dread - this finite from that infinite.

Robert Browning. March 12. '84.

gether, simply because she finds herself looking upon life in other than the old way. Before reassuming the duties of existence she must find out its meaning, and she must also come to some more thorough knowledge of herself, to the end that there may be no false relations in the part that she shall work out in life. It is the hidden and secret that in greatest degree controls the outcome of the "fitful fever" after which all sleep well, and that literature has the most assurance of permanence which carries the searchlight of sympathetic understanding the farthest into the darkened recesses of our common human nature.

Judged in the light of this truth of art creation, Browning's work is at once seen to belong clearly to the first rank. In the drama entitled "Strafford," it is the Earl's whole self that is before you, not simply his plotting for power and his cringing before the visible embodiment of it; and you can judge him, and pity or condemn him, better than his king could.

Never in the hard world of reality can we see other souls as Browning shows them to us in his pages. The dearest friend a man has may keep from him, through a lifelong companionship, the thing that most vitally affects all that he is and does; but here, it is truth and not seeming that is revealed to us with absolute fidelity.

"*Straf.* Balfour, say nothing to the world of this: I charge you as a dying man, forget
You gazed upon the agony of one . . .
Of one . . . or if . . . why you may say, Balfour,
The King was sorry: 'tis no shame in him:
Yes, you may say he even wept, Balfour,
And that I walked the lighter to the block
Because of it. I shall walk lightly, sir;
Earth fades, heaven breaks on me. I shall stand
next
Before God's throne; the moment's close at hand
When man the first, last time, has leave to lay
His whole heart bare before its Maker, leave
To clear up the long error of a life
And choose one happiness forevermore."

Given sufficient volition it is even true that he

"Who wills may hear Sordello's story told."

But, aside from this one poem, if exercise of will be required at all, it is

rather to steady one's self against the overpowering rush and movement, the piling up of thought and feeling, that characterizes Browning's verse. He does not stop to assort and pick out the best things to be said under the circumstances, but, instead, he voices simply the natural promptings, often broken and incomplete, of hearts stirred by sudden access of joy or pain, or by the thought of long aspiration and patient endeavor. What a soothing sense of purely human weakness is there in "Andrea del Sarto"! With what delicate and sympathetic suggestions is it rounded out, even for those to whom God has given not the hundredth part of the faultless painter's talent, if it were no more than that!

"I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual; and it seems
As if — forgive now — should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine,
And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly, the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work,
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow, how you shall be glad of this;
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine, the man's bared breast she curls
inside."

This is more than poet's fancy; it is poet's truth, and it is the more real and perfect, not only because it has reality in every line, but also because this reality has the hue and coloring of life as well as its form and body. Note how Andrea, even in his appeal to Lucrezia for sympathy, understanding and help, remembers still that he is man and master.

It was Andrea, not Lucrezia, in whose ears had sounded the jingle of the gold chain of King Francis. It was Andrea of whom the great Angelo had spoken words of praise, and he only had the artist's hand and the artist's eye; but not on account of this is his need of love less real and human, or his asking for it less full of yearning and of pain. What a lifetime of conflicting desires and purposes, ambition and love warring with each other is compressed into this:

"Nay, love, you did give all I asked, I think —
More than I merit, yes, by many times,

But had you — oh, with that same perfect brow,
 And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
 And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
 The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare —
 Had you with these, these same, but brought a
 mind;
 Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
 'God and the glory; never care for gain.
 The present by the future, what is that?
 Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo;
 Rafael is waiting; up to God, all three';
 I might have done it for you."

In almost everything that Browning has written you will find the same strong pulsing of the human element, be the theme of his verse what it may. Painter, poet and musician, king, bishop and prime minister, are all under the sway of ordinary human passions not less than they are under the domination of the passion for art or the passion for power. "A Toccata of Galuppi's" is music — music of the poet as Browning writes it, and music of the clavicord as Galuppi played it — but the discords of life break on the harmony, as the experience of all of us must teach us that they should.

"What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh.
 Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions, — 'Must we die?'
 Those commiserating sevenths — 'Life might last; we can but try.'"

In "Time's Revenges" the poet in his garret writes with fingers freezing cold, careless of the love of his friend over the sea, so is his

"Spirits, as flesh with sin,
 Filled full, eaten out and in,
 With the face of her, the eyes of her,
 The lips, the little chin, the stir
 Of shadow round her mouth, and she —
 I'll tell you — calmly would decree
 That I should roast at a slow fire,
 If that would compass her desire,
 And make her one whom they invite
 To the famous ball to-morrow night."

No real lover of Browning can have passed over "In a Balcony," and no one reading it can fail of being carried along irresistibly by the sweep of its dramatic movement. The plot is of the slenderest and has to do with but three characters, but these three are in a maelstrom of unappeased desire, and we feel the fire of elemental passions making an end of

hope and happiness and leaving but desolation in its wake. I cannot think that any scene in Shakespeare has more of tragic interest or glows with a stronger or more lambent flame of human feeling than does this dramatic dialogue of some twenty pages. Compared with Constance and Norbert, Juliet and Portia and Ophelia are but children, and Romeo is but a lovesick schoolboy who has learned no more than the alphabet of the holiest of the passions. With what finesse does Constance attempt to immolate both herself and Norbert on the altar of what she believes to be his worldly good, letting it appear as sacrifice in herself only when the attempt has ended in failure!

It is distinctive of Browning, as, indeed, of Tennyson also, that his poetry centers around persons rather than ideas in the abstract. A Schiller or a Bryant may attempt essays in verse, entirely ignoring what would seem to be the truism, that the purpose of poetry should be to produce some sort of exaltation in the mind of the reader; but Browning's art instinct is sure enough to save him from any such thing as this. He is rich enough in ideas, but when he discourses of theology, it is through the lips of Caliban, or of Bishop Blougram, or of Rabbi Ben Ezra, each of whom thinks of deity, the life here, and the life hereafter in its relation to himself, rather than abstractly. Only in this way could Tennyson write "In Memoriam," and make of it a heritage for both philosophy and art. To this method Browning adheres always. It is so with "A Death in the Desert," a sort of theological discourse, yet so delicately wedded to romance of a sober kind as to give a very distinctly poetical impression. For the thoughts to which he would give expression, Browning makes men the mouthpieces always, recognizing clearly that the abstractions of religion and philosophy become poetical only through their relation to the life of man, both here and in the hereafter.

Never, since the day when Homer sang of the delights of battle "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy," has the poet had

such need of studying life as in our present day. We have passed the time for sickly sentimentalizing over nature, and only verse-makers of the lower order write such things as Wordsworth's "Hart-Leap Well." To-day the facts of the natural world are interesting accordingly as they touch upon life or clear up its problems, and the poet must be interested in nature simply because of its human revelations. Browning's pages do not show such titles as "To a Snow-drop," "To the Fringed Gentian," though they do reveal "Garden Fancies."

"Here's the garden she walked across,
Arm in arm, such a short while since;
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince."

So it is, as well, in "Apparitions."

"Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across;
Violets were born.

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud;
Splendid, a star.

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace,
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face.

In our older literature can there be any poet found who plays upon so many strings of human feeling as does Browning! Even "A Grammarian's Funeral" throbs with life of a stern and exacting kind. Love as life's elixir, art, philosophy and religion are transfused and transfigured in his pages by the light that never was on sea or land. From far off years and places he brings us the "Confessional," as it was at the time of the inquisition in Spain; "Pheidippus," from the heroic age of Grecian history; "Fra Lippi Lippo" and "Luria," from Italy's life of intrigue and romance. Yesterday and to-day are alike his themes; "Saul," in his tent, struggling with the spirit and soothed by the harp and voice of the shepherd boy, David, and "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," cursing the patron who has discovered his trickery and means to post it to Greeley's newspaper. Yesterday, to-day and forever are his, and in some later time we may expect to see his dramas staged as Shakespeare's are now, for, in the words of Mrs. Browning, every age can gather—

"From Browning some pomegranate, which, if
cut deep down the middle,
Shows within a heart, blood-tinctured, of a veined
humanity.

"WHO IS THIS?"*

THE Holy City questioned, "Who is this?"
When, through its ancient portal, Jesus rode
In lowly splendor. O'er his face the bliss
From heavenly heights reflected—Love's abode.
And all the people answered, "It is He—
The Galilean prophet—Nazarene!"
Shouting Hosannas, then, on bended knee
They pressed the pathway as he rode between.
The Christ, triumphant, passed in state that day;
The patient Jesus heard each plaint and moan;
Branches of palms bestrewed His kingly way,
Who, though by hosts attended, served alone.
Now, as of old, the question comes again;
Now, as of old, the people make reply,
"Tis Christ, exalted in the hearts of men—
The meek and lowly Jesus, passing by!"

Clara A. Neidig.

*See Frontispiece, "The Way of the Palms."

Women's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.*

CLUB NOTES.

IF ONE is inclined to pessimism with regard to what women are actually accomplishing, let him listen a moment to the messages which come from every corner where the women's club has found an abiding place. He will learn of quiet, earnest endeavor for self-development; of united, unselfish, womanly effort to make the world brighter and better; of hope inspired through sympathy; of strength and increased ability for homely duties, acquired through the inspiration of association. But the observer is anxious to determine results, and a glance over the work of the two years now drawing to a close shows much of real accomplishment and a record of continual advancement. It is certainly worthy of note that the character of the study programs has steadily improved. Courses of study are much more thoughtfully prepared, and the work carried on in a more thorough manner. There is a marked tendency toward greater originality. Our club women are realizing the value of being able to think for themselves, to express an original opinion, without merely echoing the thought of someone else. Even the little woman in the corner, who is timid and afraid of her own voice, is learning to use it occasionally, and is happy to find that she has really an individuality of her own; that her influence is felt and appreciated. It is always to be kept in mind that study clubs are primarily for self-culture. In music and art, in science and literature, in all the many subjects chosen as a basis for work and outlined as a defined program, real improvement has been made. Women's clubs are, in large measure, a response to that broader view of educa-

tion which considers it not alone limited to schools and to the brief period of school attendance, but which considers it rather an affair of life, to end only with conscious existence. It is an endeavor to bring to the work of life, to its humble tasks as well as to its great undertakings, all that measure of preparation which is possible. All philanthropic and humanitarian effort, all work undertaken outside the home circle, is only an application of the thought that through self-culture is the fullest measure of usefulness to others to be attained. The hand most skilled, the mind best trained, the soul most enlarged and ennobled is best fitted to lift the fallen, to help the lowly, to encourage and stimulate the discouraged and unfortunate. That club most nearly reaches the ideal which best trains its members to help others, in the home, in society, in the State.

Perhaps no one thing has been accomplished by Iowa federated clubs more creditable than the work for public libraries. To those most nearly interested, the work has, perhaps, seemed slow and at times discouraging, but the results shown are not to be lightly regarded. There are at least six public libraries carried on entirely by individual clubs. Many others have been inaugurated through the united efforts of the club women of a town, and are supported either by municipal tax or private donation. In these cases club women are represented on the boards of trustees. Methods vary with the necessities of the case in different localities, but the question is being given careful thought, and the time will surely come when very few cities or towns in Iowa, represented by federated clubs, will be without a public library.

When the question of village improvement societies was broached two years ago at the biennial meeting at Cedar Rapids, few had given the matter any serious

* All information and other correspondence relative to club matters should be addressed directly to Mrs. Towner, Corning, Iowa.

thought, and almost nothing had been done. "The town council will look after that," was the usual response to a suggestion or criticism. But the town council did not look after it, and never would until public opinion forced them to act, and so it came about that a wide field for helpful womanly effort was found ready and waiting. While that which has been accomplished in this direction may not, to a casual observer, seem very far-reaching, to those who know the difficulties to be overcome the results already attained are gratifying. It is a comparatively short time since the number of Iowa study clubs attempting charitable work of any kind was very limited, that which was accomplished in this direction being undertaken principally by the departmental clubs of the cities. This last winter, however, many of the smaller clubs have quietly and unostentatiously taken up different phases of philanthropic work, and much practical assistance has been given, while in some instances a number of much-needed municipal reforms have been secured through the influence of the clubs. The study of civics and social economics has taught in which direction to throw their efforts, and the efficient work of many clubs shows that these questions have been studied to some purpose. The study of current events, which is a feature of the program of nearly every club in the Iowa Federation, has led to a keener and more intelligent interest in municipal affairs, and women are realizing, as never before, their responsibilities as citizens.

Another evidence of the broadening of sympathies is the ever-increasing liberality as to membership. Many, even of the smaller clubs, are making an effort to extend the club privilege. Where there were one or two clubs two years ago, which made their conditions for membership so liberal that any woman anxious for improvement might become a member, now, there are many, with the number all the time increasing.

There is no subject in which greater interest is shown than in household economics. Clubs which have a department devoted to the study of this subject find it one of the most valuable departments, and it is often the most active. The stimulus of the National Economic Association has been great, and a large number of clubs have devoted several meetings at least, this year, to this subject of such vital importance to the home. Several good lecture courses and many single lectures have been secured through the instrumentality of the clubs, and much has been done in many ways to

raise the educational standard, and make public schools more effective. To those still questioning the value of federation, a glimpse of the actual good accomplished in the towns and cities of our beautiful prairie state, through the inspiration of associated endeavor, may, perhaps, suggest something of the courage, ambition, and enthusiasm which is felt by the federated clubs of Iowa. The feeling of belonging to a great system, as Walter Pater says, "has in itself the expanding power of a great experience."

"Twenty Days in Europe," is the program outlined for study this year by the Woman's Literary Club, of Tama, and the Club has also undertaken the establishment of a library as a recognized part of club work. The library was inaugurated in 1895. A nucleus was formed by each member donating books from her private library, and then asking contributions. Other books were purchased as soon as circumstances permitted, and the Club rented a room in which to place the library and hold its club meetings. The library consists now of about 700 volumes, to which additions are constantly being made. All members of the Club after paying dues are members of the library association, and others may become so by paying one dollar a year. A town federation of the clubs of Tama has been formed in the interest of the library.

The Columbian Club, of Audubon, is also combining the care and upbuilding of a library with its regular club work. The conduct and business of the library being entirely in the hands of the club, the library trustees being appointed by the club. The club meetings are held in the library room which is club room as well, and every alternate meeting of the club is a business meeting in the interest of the library. The study program of this club includes many interesting subjects in literature and sociology, two papers being usually presented and discussed at a meeting.

Marshalltown is the home of ten federated clubs, and from these come reports of many meetings of interest. The Roundabout Club has recently shown its interest in the Marshalltown Public Library by giving, under the auspices of the club, a "Fairies' Carnival" for the benefit of the library, which was a success financially and otherwise. The Calisophian and Beethoven Clubs have recently exchanged courtesies, the Beethoven Club accepting an invitation from

the Calisophian to be present on its "music" day and furnish the program. On February 18th the Shakespeare Club had the pleasure of welcoming as its guest the President of the State Federation, Mrs. Howe, who read a paper from the Reciprocity Bureau, written by Mrs. W. H. Graham, of Cedar Falls. Her subject was "The Influence of Homer on Modern Poetry," and the paper was much enjoyed. A very delightful social event was enjoyed by the Hawthorne Club on Washington's Birthday, the guests appearing in colonial costume, and from the Marshalltown Women's Club come reports of very enjoyable meetings in charge of the music department, and the department of philanthropy and applied Christianity.

A suggestive and interesting meeting of the Des Moines Woman's Club was held March 3d, in charge of the household economics department. The subjects of the papers were: "The Philosophy of Food," and "Domestic Service." A talk on sanitary housekeeping was also a feature of the program. Each subject presented was followed by a fifteen-minute discussion by the Club.

In February a most enjoyable banquet was given by the city federation of women's clubs of Burlington. An interesting program of toasts was an important feature, and the work of the year was reviewed in bright and witty speeches. The Burlington Federation consists of nine clubs, and although but one year old has effectively proved its energy and ability by the able and successful manner in which the Woman's day program at the Iowa Semi-Centennial was planned and carried out.

A pleasant series of parlor lectures has recently been given under the auspices of the French history and household economics departments of the Cedar Rapids Women's Club. The lectures were given by Mrs. Mary L. Harger, of Dubuque, whose subject was "Impressions of Cairo and the Nile"; by Mrs. Maria C. Weed, of West Union, on "Possibilities"; and by Mrs. Anna B. Howe, of Marshalltown, who illustrated her subject, "Rambles in Florence," by beautiful photographic reproductions. Each of the series was exceedingly interesting and charmingly given, and the course was greatly enjoyed by the ladies of Cedar Rapids. The papers by Mrs. Weed and Mrs. Harger are among the list available through the Reciprocity Bureau.

The Class in Literature, of Vinton, also had the pleasure of Mrs. Howe's delightful talk on Florence, the occasion being the celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the club. The Vinton Class in Literature is among the older clubs in the Federation, and has much to show for its seventeen years of work. Its study this year has been Greece.

The Woman's Club of Emmetsburg, is an outgrowth of the Monday Club, organized in 1877, which existed under that name for several years. Four members of the early club are active members of the present. The club is limited to twenty-five, all of whom are working members. The study for this year is American history, the program for each meeting comprising, besides the lesson, a paper, a character sketch, and conversation. The date of the annual reception this year fell on Iowa's semi-centennial and was made "Iowa Day." Papers were presented on the history of Iowa and representative women of the state.

The North Side Woman's Club, of Estherville, is doing good work this winter in the study of Russia. Two carefully prepared papers on Russia and one on social science are features of each meeting. Each member also gives a two-minute talk on current events. At a recent meeting interesting papers on Kennan in Siberia were read, followed by personal reminiscences of Ian Maclaren, by Mrs. Hardie, who also read a chapter in Scotch dialect from "Auld Lang Syne."

The Woman's Town Improvement Club of Estherville, organized last spring, report excellent results from the year's work. The Club has been instrumental in improving the park; has raised the money necessary for a fountain, and helped care for the cemetery. It has also inaugurated reforms in the interest of the school children.

The Ladies' Literary Circle, of Creston, recently entertained most charmingly the Corning Culture Club. Nothing was left undone by the members of the Circle to add to the pleasure and comfort of their guests. The interchange of thought with regard to methods and purposes was very pleasant, and the event marked an epoch in the history of both clubs. Mrs. Jessie Mallory Thayer, of Chariton, corresponding secretary of the I. F. W. C., was also a guest, and read an interesting and very suggestive paper on village improvement work, which was much appreciated. The

Ladies' Literary Circle is this year studying Shakespeare, and the fact was indicated in many pleasant ways, even the pretty menu cards revealing a Shakespearean repast.

The Council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was called to meet in Washington, D. C., February 15th. The Council consists of the board of directors, presidents of State federations, vice-presidents of the General Federation and chairmen of State correspondence. Many important matters were discussed, and Denver was decided upon as the place of meeting for the next biennial.

It would seem that "Ladies' Clubs" in England have very little likeness to our women's study clubs in America, if we may consider those described by Alice Zimmern, in the February *Forum*, as fairly representative. The London clubs described are more nearly analogous to the men's clubs of our cities than to our literary and study clubs. No regular program is prepared, and no distinctive work undertaken. In the Pioneer Club, debates are a regular feature, and any subject may be brought forward. The club has some real record of accomplishment to show, it having assisted in establishing a small hospital, a home for little girls, a temperance hotel, a coffee

tavern club for working men and women, and a mission room. The club includes on its roll of membership the well known names of Mona Caird, Sarah Grand and Lady Somerset. The Somerville Club has a twofold aim: to encourage in women an interest in political and social problems; and to afford opportunities for rest, light refreshment and social intercourse. The University Club contents itself with providing a central meeting place for women who have had the benefit of a university course. The Writers' Club limits its membership to those who have done at least one piece of work that has been published and paid for. It includes among its members Edna Lyall, Mme. Adam, Mrs. J. R. Green, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Other clubs are mentioned of a social or "society" nature, with no other object or accomplishment. On the whole the glimpse of "ladies" in clubdom across the water does not seem to indicate a very exalted status. It may be that our English sisters have greater interest and show greater interest in politics, but there is certainly nothing shown to indicate that in the intelligent appreciation of the wider fields of women's work, or in enthusiastic devotion to fitting themselves for that work, they are more advanced than the women of America.

THE LIGHT OF THE NEW ERA.

I THANK Thee, O our Father, that afar,
 Above the sad world's misery and wrong,
 A light arises like a beacon star,
 And men look up with prophecy and song.
 The poor and old lift up their grateful eyes;
 The sad, bowed toiler moves with quickened hands;
 The long oppressed with new hopes slowly rise,
 And Justice parts the curtain where she stands.
 Great are the times that Love's conditions know,
 Whereby our hearts hear human prayers aright;
 Proud Law for Wrong's enforcement is confit;
 And kind Compassion bids her sweet tears flow.
 I am my brother's keeper, Even so,
 I thank Thee, O our Father, for the light!

Lillian Hinman Shuey.

THE MISSOURI FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

By HARRIET C. TOWNER.

THE Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs added its name to the ever-growing list of State federations in January, 1896. The meeting for organization was held at St. Louis by invitation of the Wednesday Club of that city, the largest literary club in the State and the oldest departmental club. The call sent out by the Wednesday Club met with enthusiastic response, and the State Federation

became an accomplished fact with a charter membership of forty-four clubs. The work of the year culminated in the annual meeting held at Kansas City January 10, 20 and 21, 1897. The meeting was held in Kansas City by invitation of the twenty-one federated clubs of the city, and nothing was left undone by the members of these clubs conducive to the comfort and welfare of their guests. The

sessions of the Federation were held in the pretty Lyceum Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and was filled to its capacity at every session. Delegates and visitors were cordially welcomed in a very happy address by Mrs. James C. Horton, President of the Friends in Council, the oldest club in Kansas City. Mrs. Horton has been the capable President of this club for seventeen consecutive years. She well expressed the purpose of the meeting when she said:

We have met to-day for the purpose of consultation, to receive new inspirations, new thoughts, new ideas. We are working for all things that will make women stronger, better, braver, truer.

Mrs. Horton paid a graceful tribute to Mrs. Laura E. Scammon, chairman of correspondence for Missouri for the General Federation, through whose earnest efforts federation was made possible in the State, and to whose untiring energy and ability in looking after preliminary arrangements much of the success of the meeting was due.

Mrs. Josephine Carey, President of the Unity Club, of Joplin, responded to the address of welcome in well chosen words, saying in reference to the large number of clubs in Kansas City, "Better work than this hath no man wrought."

Following Mrs. Carey came the address of the President of the Federation, Mrs. John A. Allen, of St. Louis, which was most cordially received. Mrs. Allen is not only an earnest advocate of women's clubs, but a leader in church and philanthropic work. In her address she reviewed the work undertaken by the Federation during the year, and spoke inspiringly of the value of associative effort, saying that the Federation stood for good always in all forms, and that the altruistic principle should be a leading motive in all that is attempted. There were present at the convention 120 delegates and as many visitors, representing fifty-seven federated and as many non-federated clubs. Each club was allowed a two-minute report of its work for the year, and, although the time was necessarily so very brief, a glimpse of the methods and objects of the various clubs was obtained and many practical suggestions were made. It had been found expedient by the executive board to appoint a committee to outline suggestive courses of study for the use of such clubs as desire them. The chairman of this committee was Mrs. O. A. Grubb, of Kirkwood, auditor of the Federation. Courses were suggested in Education, Art, History, Literature and Govern-

ment, which were carefully outlined and will doubtless prove very helpful.

An important feature of the Missouri Federation is the Bureau of Reciprocity. Into this Bureau the clubs are asked to vote the best paper of the year, the paper which the committee considers of highest merit being read by the author at the annual meeting, while the others are retained for the use of federated clubs. This year three papers were found to be of such equal excellence that all three were put upon the program. The chairman of the Bureau, Mrs. F. W. Lehmann, of St. Louis, made in her report some very practical and timely suggestions to the club women with regard to the papers which should be submitted to the committee for criticism. Following this report was read one of the papers selected by the Bureau, written by Mrs. John Bouslog, of the Saturday Reading Club, of Springfield, whose paper on "The Child Problem in America" was one of the notable features of the convention in its practical results. Mrs. Bouslog closed her paper with a strong plea for a change in the law regulating school boards, a change which would make it possible for the women of Missouri to be represented on boards of education. "If such a law were passed," said Mrs. Bouslog, "in its beneficent wake would follow wise supervision of schools, compulsory education, including kindergartens and manual training schools." The paper aroused no little discussion, and the convention voted that it should be printed for distribution at the expense of the Federation. As an outgrowth of the discussion, it was decided to present a bill before the present Legislature, asking that women be allowed to serve on school boards. A committee of three was appointed by the President to urge its passage.

Invitations had been sent to presidents of neighboring state federations, or their representatives, to come and speak of the benefits of federation in other states. This comparison of methods and views was interesting and valuable, and led to a pleasant acquaintance between the club women of different states. A symposium on state federation was participated in by Mrs. Belle M. Stoutenborough, President of the Nebraska State Federation; Mrs. Willis Lord Moore, President of the Social Science Federation of Kansas; and Mrs. Horace M. Towner, representing the Iowa Federation. Greetings were sent by the presidents of the state federations of Kentucky and Tennessee, who found it impossible to be present.

An important recommendation of the executive board was that the club women

take up the question of a state board of charities, and do everything possible toward influencing the state legislature to create such a board. Before the meeting closed a bill providing for such a board was presented by Mrs. Fishel, of St. Louis, who spoke earnestly in its support. The bill secured the endorsement of the convention and was sent to the legislature. This matter of state charities being very near to the hearts of the club women of Missouri, it had been arranged to have an entire session of the convention devoted exclusively to this subject. The session was in charge of the Athenæum, one of the largest and most progressive clubs in the city, of which Mrs. Brinkman, Vice-President of the State Federation, is the efficient President. Dr. M. C. Dibble, Vice-President of the Club, gave an account of the demands for which she thought local charities should be prepared. Mrs. Henry Ess, President of the Tuesday Morning Class, discussed the duty of the individual to the state, and

the state to the individual. Miss Roraback, of the Friends in Council, spoke charmingly of the work of some existing charities, prefacing her remarks with a beautiful word-picture of Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago. Mrs. E. R. Weeks, chairman of the art department of the Athenæum, made an earnest, eloquent plea for the better education of the children of the state, saying with emphasis: "Shall we travel from Egypt to the poles, and spend two hours a week in the study of Browning, and not know how to help the children of Missouri?" She truly added that prevention of ills is to be the watchword of the Nineteenth Century, and that to foster the kindergarten will diminish the criminal and charitable lists. Mrs. Fishel, of St. Louis, spoke of the efficient work of the Emergency Aid, an account of the methods and work of which is especially interesting and suggestive, and it is regretted that it cannot be spoken of in detail.

The only evening session of the con-



MRS. NOBLE L. PRENTISS,
Sixth President of the Social Science Club of Kansas City.

vention was made attractive by very pleasing music, and the addresses presented were of great interest. Mrs. Edward C. Cushman, President of the St. Louis Wednesday Club, who has been identified with the Federation from the first, delivered a much appreciated address on "The Woman of the Nineteenth Century," handling her subject in an original and pleasing manner. She said, "The women of to-day are what others dreamed they would like to be."

Very appropriate, in view of the championship of a State Board of Charity by the Federation, was an address on that subject by Miss Julia Lathrop, of Rockford, Illinois, one of the commissioners of the State Board of Charity of Illinois.

Miss Lathrop is a woman of charming personality and brilliant intellect. She spoke in a bright and practical manner of the good to be accomplished by such a board and of some of the obstacles to be overcome, making a forcible argument in favor of placing women upon such boards. Her paper was most suggestive and valuable. The two other papers chosen from the Bureau of Reciprocity followed. The first was by Miss Lippman, professor of Greek and Latin in the Mary Institute of St. Louis, and a mem-

in all that she said. Her presence alone gives distinction to any meeting, and stimulates to everything that is best and highest in club work.

A paper of interest, delivered during the closing session of the convention, was by Mrs. Harriet C. Milner of Springfield, on the "Status of Education in Missouri," in which a plea was made for better scientific apparatus for the schools of the state, and for the establishment of a summer school of science.

The officers of the Federation for the ensuing year are: Mrs. J. A. Allen, St. Louis, President; Mrs. G. L. Brinkman, Kansas City, Vice-President; Mrs. P. D. Fisher, Hannibal, Recording Secretary; Miss Ruth Coit, St. Louis, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. T. McCluney, Sedalia, Treasurer; Mrs. O. A. Grubb, Kirkwood, Auditor. The meeting was closed by a delightful concert given for the pleasure of delegates and guests by the Euterpe Club, a strong musical club of Kansas City. Speaking of the results of the convention Mrs. Scammon writes, "The one feature of the convention which gave me greatest pleasure and hope for the future of our club life was its attitude of active helpfulness toward the practical questions that are vexing us all to-day. We



MRS. LAURA E. SCAMMON.

Missouri Chairman of Correspondence for the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

ber of the Wednesday Club, on "Literary Idealism," which was replete with original thought and suggestive comparisons. The second was by Miss Ethel Beecher Allen of the Friends in Council, of Kansas City, on Balzac; a discriminating study of the man and his work.

Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, delivered an address on "The Relation of the State Federation to Club Extension." Her address related to the philosophy of associated effort, the good work being accomplished by women's clubs all over the nation, and the delightful relations of state to general federation. Mrs. Henrotin was, as ever, charming in manner and persuasive and helpful

have been given time for preparation and are still giving it in our study clubs and study classes. Our larger organizations should be ready for some active work."

Eligibility to membership in the Missouri Federation is upon a broad basis; and philanthropic, scientific, and civic and educational clubs are admitted. Of the individual clubs represented at the convention an article complete in itself might be written, but the limits of this article will permit only briefest reference. The Athenæum of Kansas City has 100 members and seven well organized departments. A glance through their program for the year shows a most attractive series of art lectures, as well as lectures on Browning. Much practical work is also

undertaken, and the club is especially interested in municipal reforms relating to children. The Mothers' Union is another large, Kansas City club, which is doing much in all that relates to the welfare of the home.

St. Louis has fourteen clubs represented in the Federation, all of which are doing excellent work. Of these the Wednesday Club has now a membership of 250, and is a potent factor in the intellectual life of St. Louis. The club is departmental and in addition to its literary work has successfully carried out much practical work, notably in the direction of the establishment of free kindergartens and in the collection and distribution of good literature. It has opened to the public exhibitions of art and endeavored to stimulate a love for art in the schools.

The St. Louis Musical Club is the largest in point of numbers of any club in the Federation, and was represented at the convention by its President, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Corresponding Secretary of the General Federation. Mrs. Moore says, "The club has not yet had a two years' existence but has met a recognized need in our city. The active members pledged themselves to the promotion of a broad, musical culture in the city, and toward that end have devoted time, energy and money; have helped establish the Choral Symphony Society, and a permanent orchestra. This year the club guaranteed and arranged all details for the Damrosch Opera Company, which gave a week of grand opera in February. Under the auspices of the club Mr. Dam-

rosch will also lecture. The club brings to St. Louis during the year four of the best artists in various lines that they are able to obtain. The active members are divided into five sections. One studies Brahms; the second, Italian music of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries; the third, miscellaneous works; the fourth, modern French and Italian music, and the last Bach and Beethoven.

Among other bright clubs represented were the Woman's Club, of Hannibal, which evidenced its interest in federation by sending eight of its members to the annual meeting; the Tuesday Club, of Kirkwood, which is seventeen years old; the Tourists' Club, of Brookfield, traveling this year in America, and studying also household economics; and the Wednesday Afternoon Reading Club and Washington Irving Club, of Cameron. Several interesting clubs reported from Sedalia, where the next annual meeting will be held. Other federated clubs are: the Shakespeare Club, of Clinton; the Friends in Council and Saturday Reading Club, of Springfield; the Unity and Century Clubs, of Joplin; the Magazine Club, of Carrollton; the Shakespeare Club of Lebanon; the Tourists' Club, of Carthage, and the Ladies' Reading Circle of Bowling Green.

The number of clubs now belonging to the State Federation is sixty-two, and many applications for admission have been made, following the impetus of the convention. One of these, the East Side Literary Society, of Kansas City, has a membership of 200, about one-half being gentlemen.



HOME THEMES.

HOPE.

"Neither do I condemn thee!"
As the words of kindness fell
From the lips of Him whose wisdom
Did the shame of all compel,
Upon her face a glory
Seemed to shine as from above,—
It was heaven's benediction,
On her woman's heart, of Love!

Since that day the many wayward,
Whose wandering feet have strayed
Along the paths forbidden,
By the multitude arrayed,
Have sought Hope's only refuge
From a dark and troubled sea,
To hear the word, "forgiven,"
In the waves of Galilee!

Edward W. Dutcher.

HERE is a suggestion for our boy readers. A few days ago a boy threw down a *Youth's Companion* in disgust, exclaiming, "The man that drew that picture didn't know how to swing an axe." "Why," asked his big brother. "Because he makes the boy in the picture swing his axe over his left shoulder; nobody swings an axe that way." But just as he said that, his big brother pointed to a hired man who was splitting wood in the wood-shed, and, sure enough, the man was swinging his axe over his

left shoulder. The younger boy was astonished; but, recovering, he qualified his too sweeping remark by declaring that *most* men swing an axe over the right shoulder, anyhow. That was the boy critic's introduction to what the logicians call "inductive reasoning"—to the great fact, in life as in logic, that reasoning from observation and experience beats mere theorizing. Alas, there are men who never learn that first lesson! They are the men who keep society, politics, churches, legislative bodies, armies and navies at a fever heat most of the time.

And here is a suggestion for the small boy's big brother. A young man came rushing toward the elevator in one of our office blocks the other day, and effecting an entrance, through the kindness of the elevator man, he sped up toward an upper floor. "How much after nine is it?" he anxiously asked. "Only a minute or two," answered the elevator man. "Has the boss come yet?" asked the young man, nervously. "No, you're all right yet," was the reassuring answer. The young man heaved a sigh of relief and then, quickly recovering, simply remarked that he had been out with the boys the night before. That was over a month ago. Yesterday the young man was overheard to remark that he hadn't been fairly treated by the "boss"; he had been "fired" and no reason had been assigned for his discharge. On these spring days the sunny side of our business streets, and the spectators' chairs in our billiard and pool rooms are preëmpted by young men, every mother's son of whom has, at some time, been "fired" by somebody, and nearly every one of them will swear he doesn't know why.

HOMESICKNESS.

Homesick! What marvelously tinted shades of torture; what exquisite pain!



From photo by F. E. Foster, Iowa Falls.

"SPRING'S COME!"

Heimweh! The plaintive sound sets vibrating a kindred chord in every soul that feels, every heart that hopes. No matter what we call it—homesickness, blues, regret, sorrow—it is the same in all. Indescribable, because so different at each coming. The condemned criminal, on his way to the scaffold to expiate his crimes with his own life, experiences it; the man whose life has been fed with the fires of ambitions that have not materialized, with hopes and wishes that have not come to pass; the lover whose love has been given away, and whose hopes are lifeless; the mother when she looks upon her dead child's face,—they all feel it. The pain is real, the torture too grand to be lessened by the words our tongues may utter. We may only feel it. The dreams of the past are tinted with it in

hues of varying shades; it enters into our prosaic, every-day existence; it forms the background upon which are written the visions of the future; it awakens to active life the events of days long forgotten; it delves among the secret recesses of our hearts and brings to light thoughts that have slumbered for years, and paints in vivid colors the concealed aches and pains of our souls. The child's heart is opened for its entrance, and, once having taken its place within, all our after efforts, backed by the concentration of a will almost infinite, fail to expel it from its

station,—a prisoner of its own accord, yet ever ready to come forth for a time, when the hidden spring upon the door receives the message carried over one of the many invisible wires that go to the brain. We may not exist without it, for we must wish for what we cannot have, must place our thoughts upon the goal which cannot be reached, until the wondrous mercy of God has delivered our souls from bondage, and we enter again the circle of His divine love, freed from all the narrow restrictions of our mortal bodies. *Philip Rutherford Kellar.*



EDITORIAL COMMENT.

ONE of the prime characteristics of the man of culture is freedom from provincialism, complete deliverance from rigidity of temper, narrowness of interest, uncertainty of taste, and general unripeness. The villager, or pagan in the old sense, is always a provincial; his horizon is narrow, his outlook upon the world restricted, his knowledge of life limited. He may know a few things thoroughly; he cannot know them in true relation to each other or to the larger order of which they are a part. He may know a few persons intimately; he cannot know the representative persons of his time or of his race.—*The Outlook*, Hamilton W. Mabie, editor.

There certainly are men and women in country villages who think the gossip of their burg is "the murmur of the world." But is narrowness confined to country villages? It rarely occurs to dwellers in cities that they themselves are quite as narrow as the countrymen whom *Puck* and *Judge* love to caricature. Talk about breadth! Of all the narrow, contracted souls to be found on this planet, who is, or could be, more so than the average man of business in the large city! Does he read? Yes—the headings in the daily papers and, now and then, an article in his trade journal. Does he think? Yes, of the business transactions in hand or in mind. Does he take any rest during the long day? Yes, on the cars going to and going from his business. Does he converse? Yes, on the business out-

look, with occasional excursions into the field of politics. Does he indulge in amusements? Yes; he occasionally attends the theater, but usually with some customer with whom he talks business between acts. Once or twice a year he may attend the opera; but with the tedious coming and going, and the long waits, and the many encores, he secretly votes it a bore,—unless he happens to meet in the foyer some other equally broad-gauge city man with whom he can go over the latest phases of the business interests dear to his heart. What to him are the costly books in his library? Little more than a satisfaction in the thought that they are there; he never gives himself time to enjoy them. He may attend church on Sunday morning; but, while his head is bowed during prayer time, or while he sits facing the preacher and apparently receiving the Word, his thoughts fly back to the business world as a cage-bird let loose returns to his prison. He may vote himself a brief vacation during the dog-days, but, if he does, he selects some resort conveniently near his business to which he may at any time return should his daily advices be in the least disturbing or pleasurably exciting. He spends his vacation in reading the newspapers,

waiting for his mail from the city, writing or dictating business letters, with perhaps considerable early fishing and late whist, filling in the remainder of the time eating, sleeping, smoking, talking over business conditions in general and thinking over his own business matters in particular. If he be venturesome, he sails some; if robust, he bowls as an aid to digestion of the meals for which he feels he is paying not wisely but too well. If youthful in spirit, or if he likes to be thought younger than he is, he wears a fine flannel suit and a jaunty cap, and affects golf or tennis; but on the arrival of the city mail, or the city daily, he invariably turns his implement over to some ambitious spectator, and is soon back in the busy world from which in theory he has escaped. Breadth? Culture? He thinks he knows what the words mean, but he doesn't. His little daughter, roaming with the other girls in the woods, comes upon a bunch of belated spring flowers, or early golden-rod, and in a moment is at one with that simple villager of Grasmere to whom

"The meaneſt flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

To the daughter, but not to the father, come thoughts such as overwhelmed the shut-in dweller on the Isle of Wight, thoughts which found expression in the words:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Commiserating the poor rich men in our large cities and that larger class who are heavily discounting the future in the hope of some day becoming poor rich men, we recall another saying of Mr. Mabie, in "My Study Fire." Turning to the words we find they read thus: "To be in prison and not be conscious of the bondage is surely a tragic comment on one's ideal of freedom."

* * *

THERE yet remain two objective points toward which our Post-office Department

should move as fast as Congress will permit, and, to reach which, Congress should shape its course relative to that department, namely, Free Mail Delivery in the Country and One-cent Letter Postage. Free mail delivery in the country would be an act of simple justice to an overwhelming majority of our people—to farmers, farm laborers, creamerymen, stockmen, small tradesmen, and mechanics, and to the business men in cities and towns who are in trade relations with the country but cannot now reach their country correspondents by mail with any certainty or with any reasonable degree of dispatch. Added to this large majority, who in business ways suffer from the inconvenience of slow and uncertain mail delivery, are the "better half" of that same majority through whose correspondence, mainly, are families and friends held together by interchange of information and the chronicling of heart histories, as time and circumstance collaborate the chapters. Miles removed from the telegraph, and, perhaps, days removed from the possibility of communication by letter, great joy may come to the remote country home, disaster may visit it, the pangs of birth or death may bow every heart in anguish, but there is no sure way of promptly calling the absent ones together.

When we consider the expense to which the government has wisely gone in promoting intercourse between people who live and do business in the cities, and the fact that mail facilities in the country are scarcely any better than they were under like conditions before the war; taking into account the enormous ratio of taxation borne by the classes that would be benefited by a reform in our rural mail service, the case seems clear that the time for action is fully come, and that Congress should liberally appropriate funds for the purpose of investigation and experimentation in this new field.

One-cent letter postage is an already too-long deferred act of justice to the business interests of the country, great and small. The official announcement

that two-cent letter postage yields a large profit to the department is all that need be presented on this point, beyond, perhaps, a reiteration of the now generally accepted conclusion that the Post-office Department should be run not as a money-making institution but as a general convenience, promotive of an approximately free interchange of communication.

But, why couple these two revenue reducing schemes? Why not urge first one and then another? Why not make two-cent letter postage pay the expenses of free delivery in the country?

If a retention of two-cent letter postage be necessary to the inauguration of free delivery in the country, then temporarily retain the two-cent rate. But if we may rely on the figures brought forward in the recent discussion of the Loud bill in the House, the expense incident to free rural delivery can be more than covered by reforming the abuses of the franking privilege, by striking at the sham by which novels and other complete works are now sent through the mails as "second class matter," and by overhauling the rates paid by Government to common carriers and putting them on a reasonable and equitable business basis.

It is gratifying to note the experiments in progress in many of the states to test the feasibility and measure the expense of free delivery in the country and the extent of increase in the sale of postage along the line of such delivery. We doubt not that with reform in other branches of service in the Post-office Department, with the natural increase in the aggregate of mail matter handled, stimulated by the proposed new facilities for communication and by cheaper postage, the problem of postal reform would work itself out easily and satisfactorily.

* * *

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS

Hamlin Garland now has the Appletons back of him. A new volume by Mr. Garland entitled, "Wayside Courtships" is announced by that well known publishing house,—a collection of short stories telling of the influence of woman on man's career. As Mr. Garland is

nearing the forties and is yet unmarried, we may assume that he can approach the subject with a reasonable degree of safety.

The Macmillans have resurrected Byron. There be those who, in the light of this event, have a growing respect for the Sadducees who are reported as solidly "agin" resurrection.

The prize awarded the Best Original Story in THE MIDLAND'S January 1st Competition goes to "Lieutenant Burton's Wooing," a story of army life on the frontier, by Captain Henry Romeyn, now stationed at Ft. McPherson, Georgia. The story will appear in our May number.

William Allen White, author of "The Real Issue and Other Stories," elsewhere reviewed, is the man who wrote the scathing editorial in the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*, which went the rounds of the press last fall, under the heading "What's the Matter with Kansas?"

Verner Z. Reed, whose "La-To-Kah" has far advanced the author's fame in the literary world, was the first winner of THE MIDLAND Original Story prize, in the spring of 1894. His story was "The Legend of the Great White Christ," one full of promise of the maturer author of to-day.

Readers of Ian Maclaren's sketches might easily conclude that one so familiar with Scottish life had only to arm himself with pencil and paper and—lo! another picture. Not so. Many are the definitions of talent, but we are tempted to still give another. Talent is intelligent and enthusiastic persistency in well directed effort with especial emphasis on the words "well directed."

A writer, whose work evinces no imagination whatever, and little sense of the artistic in sentence-making, after repeated attempts to win recognition in magazine literature, wrote an editor who had, with extreme kindness, indicated that her work was not up to standard: "I suppose I ought to be dissuaded from writing stories by what you say, but I'm not. I'm going to keep right at it, so you might as well surrender." Now here was unwise persistency. As well might one who has no ear or voice for music persist in a purpose to become a singer.

But, to return to Ian Maclaren. The discoverer of a story-writer in the Rev. Dr. John Watson, pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, is Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the English edition of *The Bookman*, himself a doctor of divinity. Dr. Nicoll, while in this country, gave a modest account of

his successes as a discoverer, in the course of which he said it was through his work as a clergyman that he formed the acquaintance of Doctor Watson. Convinced that the Doctor "could write stories of Scotch life if he would," he persuaded him to try his hand at it. "When I had read his MS., I sent it back with a letter, saying I knew he could do better than that. So he sent me another version, and back that went, too. But the third attempt was a great success." There was wise persistency.

Col. D. M. Fox, of Des Moines, is about to publish "The Silver Side and Campaign Text-Book for 1900."

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Hesperian gives this simple recipe for making a novel *a la* Ouida: "Take one languid Greek god with fair hair and the shadow of a crime and flavor him with a ruined abbey, nothing a year, a palace on the Bosphorus and turquoise hair brushes. Take also several Duchesses to whom he makes love—very languidly, or he will not do—a Dalmatian gitana with a thirst for r-e-e-venge, and one vivandiere. After these become thoroughly mixed, introduce—carefully—a chapter on Ariadne at Naxos, one little wooden shoe, a gifted dog, and a plain mister to give a piquant flavor. Season with a bouquet of choice misquotations and serve with a supreme expiation."

The Echo recently removed to New York, but, not liking the town, took early passage back to Chicago, chaperoned both ways by Mr. J. Percival Pollard.

The Lotos, successor to *The New Cycle*, has turned over its unexpired list to *The Bookman*. Its editor turns over valuable MSS. to Mrs. Towner, editor of the Club Department of *THE MIDLAND*.

The Bookman recently insulted a lady, and "The Lounger" of *The Critic*, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, resents the insult. "What has any paper, much less a 'literary journal,' to do with the private life of a lady, I should like to know?" indignantly exclaims Miss Gilder. The question doesn't appear to admit of any great variety of answer.

The Literary World, of Boston, should either broaden its view or take on some less suggestive name. There are millions of reading people in this country, East as well as West, who persist in regarding an editor's world range as narrow when they find it bounded on the east by the German Ocean and on the west by the Allegheny Mountains.

The change from B. F. Flower to John Clark Ridpath is little less than a revolution in the editorial department of *The Arena*, and one which will be commended by that magazine's constituency of readers. Lovers of free thought and free speech have their preferences as to the kind of free thought set before them.

The Ladies' Home Companion, of Springfield, Ohio, is changed to *The Woman's Home Companion*—an evidence of growth.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Not a few writers habitually enclose with the MSS. which they submit to the editor clippings from periodicals which have published or commended their previous work, the purpose, of course, being to show the editor that the accompanying MSS. come well recommended. The practice is all right when sending to editors who think more of the name and standing of an author than of the inherent quality of the MSS. submitted; but we will frankly tell our contributors and would-be contributors that we can't afford to consider any MS. on any other basis than its own inherent availability for our use.

In case you do not find the manuscript serviceable, will you kindly inform me and I will send stamps for its return.

Again we repeat: "Why make two bites of a cherry?" It would cost us less to mail back your MS. than to write you about it and then send it. Time is money. If you want your MS. returned (should it prove unavailable), enclose postage for its return; if you don't, say so, and there's the end of it.

Do you ever hire any one to travel and write up the different parts of the country they pass through? I would like a job like that. I refer you to . . .

Our correspondence during the past three years leads us to suspect that the lady who makes this inquiry is not alone in liking that kind of a "job." To all such inquiries we are compelled to say, "No."

Over seventy letters came in the same mail with one from a Chicago contributor who, referring to his accompanying poems, said: "Please tell me frankly their availability and worth; if they must be returned, please tell me why." Those seventy other letters, all calling for answer, or other action on our part, is our eloquent "Why." In other words, we haven't time.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

It is a pleasure, all too rare, to chronicle at one time the advent of two books written by western authors, which, by their inherent worth, are real additions to distinctively American literature. One of the two, "The Real Issue, a Book of Kansas Stories,"* by William Allen White, is a series of sketches from life, the subjects ranging all the way from comedy to tragedy; the stage settings unquestionably Kansan. We naturally turn to the titular story to get an estimate of the author's measure; but later we find that "The Real Issue" is only a suggestion of Mr. White's power. It is a picture of a Kansas congressman's manly but weak attempt to free himself from the costly slavery of public life. Much stronger is "The Story of Aqua Pura," a



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.
Editor of the Emporia, Kansas, Gazette, and author of
"The Real Issue, a Book of Kansas Stories."

boom town in western Kansas. The picture of Barringer, the city's mayor, in the desolation which followed the bursting of the boom is an outline drawing one can't forget. "The dying wind seethed through the short, brown grass. Heat lightning winked devilishly in the distance, and the dissolving clouds that gathered every afternoon laughed in derisive thunder at the hopes of the worn, old man sitting on the warped boards of the hotel porch." In "A Story of the Highlands" we have another vivid picture of that tragic epoch

in western Kansas, the drouth period, beginning in 1887 and lasting several years thereafter. The brave Mrs. Burkholder, a cultured eastern woman, looking out of the window in her prison-like home, watching with tragic interest the "great dust dragon, writhing up and down the brown road, and over the prairie for miles and miles," helplessly longing for a sight of water, and woodland, and hills; or taking the hired man's place among the cattle, her feet "encased in a pair of her husband's old shoes, the wind pushing her thin calico skirts against her limbs, and her frail body bent stiffly in the man's coat she wore"—is a picture fairly burned into the memory. Boy characters are numerous in modern literature, but the freshest, most boyish outdoor boy of the period is "The King of Boyville," aggressive among boys, but painfully susceptible in his encounters with girls. His boyish courtship, mixed up with handsprings, and other efforts at relief from the embarrassment of the moment, is so laughable as to compel the reader to forget for the time the tragedy of "Aqua Pura." "The Prodigal Daughter," and "The Record on the Blotter," together tell a moving tale of woman's inhumanity to women, and of a father's blind, unquestioning love. Shy, sensitive Flora McCray's one love is delicately pictured in "The Reading of the Riddle." But nothing in the book will be read with as much of smiling satisfaction as "The Home-coming of Colonel Hucks," especially by the many in the West who after long years have gone back East on a visit only to find that "the home feeling" has moved West. The "Nocturne," with which this refreshing little book closes, reveals the author in an entirely different style, that of a Kansan "Ik Marvel," dreaming of "very young days; the days of guitar strings, and love songs, and oarlocks." Between the corn-colored covers of this little book there is ample evidence of a new force in the literature of the corn belt—evidence which THE MIDLAND hails with solid satisfaction.

The second of the two books above referred to is "Lo-To-Kah,"* by Verner Z. Reed. First to attract the reader's attention are the illustrations, of marked originality, by Charles Craig and L. Maynard Dixon, two artists who have few

*Way & Williams, Chicago, Publishers.

*Continental Publishing Company, New York.

equals in handling Indian subjects. *Lo-To-Kah* is an old Indian with a career and with a mastery of the English tongue which enables him to tell his story with simple naturalness and dramatic force. From the very start the reader is interested in the love adventure of the powerful young brave and the happy consummation, the union of *Lo-To-Kah* and *Zeetah*. "*The Witch of Rancho Soledad*" is a New Mexican tale of mystery, in which prominently figures *Mape-ah-sas*, an Indian magician, through whose agency a young American is brought face to face with his ideal love. The story well brings out the crude ideas of re-incarnation which are said to obtain among the Ute Indians. "*Lo-To-Kah and the Golden Woman*" is a tale of passionate love and its consummation, and a picture of the unconventional chivalry of the "*Wild West*." The three remaining chapters, "*Lo-To-Kah and the Witch*," "*The Death of Lo-To-Kah*" and "*The Vision of the Witch*," afford ample opportunities for the author to develop his remarkable power in blending the naturalness of the modern "realist," the idealism of Cooper and the preternatural element to which both Cooper and the so-called realist are strangers—a mysticism which has in it a subtle suggestion of the lost tribes of Israel.

It is a long time between real sea stories. There is a smart set in literature who, while they do not deceive the elect seaman, have a tricky way of working over into stories stray newspaper narratives of adventures on the deep—stories that to the landsman in his ignorance read quite like the real thing. But "*On Many Seas—The Life and Exploits of a Yankee Sailor*,"* by Frederick Benton Williams, edited by his friend William Stone Booth, is the genuine article. In fact it is hard to realize that the book has been edited down at all, so seamanly brutal and coarse are many of its pages, and so frequent are its lapses from the commonest rules of good writing. It is the breeziest salt-water tale that has been written in twenty odd years at least. We read on from chapter to chapter with much of the interest which in other days drew us again and again to *Robinson Crusoe*. The author's refreshing frankness invests the narration with a charm which compels one to read on, and skip not. Sparing not himself, unwilling that any reader should think him to be more than he is, he pictures his own

shortcomings with the same uncolored truthfulness with which he describes the brutality of men in authority over him, the innate selfishness of men at sea, the hollowness of their friendships, and the hardships and privations and coarse pleasures of the seaman's life. The book is full of dry humor and droll anecdotes. It is evidently written by one who "enjoys himself." A born story-teller, he is himself the central figure of nearly all his stories, but without any attempt on his part to pose as a hero. "*On Many Seas*" is the story of a boy who went to sea to escape a stepmother whom he disliked. His varied experiences include incidents among icebergs, in shipwreck, in mutinies, in sickness—and nigh unto death, under brutally severe discipline on shipboard, in jail on shore, on a whaling vessel, in drouth, in hunger, in drunken brawls on shipboard and on shore. The principal countries visited are China, Chil , Equador, Argentine, England, France, Spain, Italy, India. The whole gamut of a sailor's experience seems to have been run by this writer, boy and man. The description of an encounter with icebergs and the story of a whaling adventure are very vividly told, making the reader an intensely interested party to the affair. The story ends with the realization of the author's dream, the captaincy of a great big four-masted, four sky-sail yard ship.

"English Literature"* is a title that might mean much or little, but when we find the name of Stopford A. Brooke on the title page of the book before us the value of the work is at once assured. Few are the writers who, in 250 pages, could so well impart so much information on so comprehensive a subject. The eight chapters carry the reader through the formation period of English literature, ending with Chaucer's death; from Chaucer to and through the Elizabethan period; from the close of that memorable epoch to the Restoration; from that period to the death of Pope and Swift; then down to and through the French Revolution to the death of Scott; and then comes a concluding chapter on poetry from 1730 to 1832. The character of this long story, so well told, is outlined in its opening sentence: "The History of English Literature is the story of what great English men and women thought and felt, and then wrote down in good prose and beautiful poetry in the English language."

*From Macmillan & Company, New York, through the Des Moines Book and Stationery Company, \$1.50.

*Macmillan & Co., New York, 90 cents.

"With the Trade Winds, a Jaunt in Venezuela and the West Indies,"* by Ira Nelson Morris, is a handsomely printed and artistically covered little book, written by a young Chicagoan. Much of its contents is journalistic in style, and of no value beyond the passing moment. The pictures given of the scenery and life in Venezuela are worth more consideration, throwing off clear impressions of a country which latterly is full of interest to Americans.

*G. P. Putman's Sons, through Des Moines Book and Stationery Co.

In response to a courteous note from the author, *THE MIDLAND* reviewer, sometime ago, agreed to review a work entitled "Infallible Logic—A Visible and Automatic System of Reasoning,"* by Thomas D. Hawley, of the Chicago Bar. The book came—a formidable work of 650 pages, well printed, substantially bound, and so full to overflowing with signs, diagrams, skeleton syllogisms, hypothetical propositions, categorical propositions, etc., etc., as to make a layman's head fairly swim. Drawn to the verge of despair by recollection of his promise, the reviewer happened upon the opening sentence of the introduction, and there found temporary relief. It reads: "This work is for the use of lawyers, ministers, teachers, students," etc. Editors are no-

*Robert Smith Printing Co., Lansing, Mich.

where mentioned. We can't complain of the omission, in truth, it is a relief to find outside recognition of the fact which we, who are on the inside, have long suspected, that the most innocently illogical creatures in the world are editors. Now, if the reviewer were a lawyer, he would straightway go and get this book and make its contents his own. For—think of it—what an advantage he would have over the rest of the bar, in having acquired an "infallible logic"! To be sure, there might come times in an attorney's richly varied experience when the mental necessity of reasoning with logical directness would prove an embarrassment to the lawyer and a disappointment to his client; but, in the main, what a source of strength the acquirement would be! Brother attorneys would have to make way for the man whose logic never failed him, and his acceptance of a retainer would virtually close any case, for no judge or jury would have any business in court with an embodiment of infallibility. The thirty-seven chapters in this exhaustive work are supplemented by thirty odd pages of appendix, and the entire work is carefully indexed. It is apparently a book that all who live by logic should have.

The rest of us will, of course, go right on in the old blind way, jumping at conclusions, regardless of major or minor premise, and so mixing fact and fancy that the things we think we see are more real than the things we see.



From drawing by L. Maynard Dixon, loaned by the Continental Publishing Co., New York.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "LA-TO-KAH," BY VERNER Z. REED, OF COLORADO SPRINGS.

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From "*A Woman of the Century*," edited by Frances Willard and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore:

"Miss Mabelle Biggart, author, reader, and dramatist, is of Scotch and English ancestry. Miss Biggart comes from a line of authors, teachers and collegiate men. She has held several important positions in rhetoric, literature and oratory, in seminaries and colleges; was for five years thus connected with the high schools of Cleveland, Ohio, Berea College, and two years were spent in a similar position in the State College of Colorado. She is now engaged in her chosen platform work of her own dramatizations of the masterpieces among English and American Authors."

Miss Biggart's services are available for Women's Clubs, Chautauqua Assemblies, Lyceum entertainments, etc. She is traveling continually in the interests of her literary work. Her dramatizations and dramatic readings from advance sheets of her work are everywhere received with intense satisfaction. Her recent engagements in Des Moines called forth highest praise from the entire press of the Capital City.

Miss Biggart's permanent address is the Everett House, New York. Her address during the fulfillment of her present Iowa engagements is 1427 Tenth Street, Des Moines, Iowa. Write at once for dates and terms, as her stay in Iowa will not be very long at the longest.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

In reply to many inquiries, THE MIDLAND publisher will state that he has *not* removed his publication to Chicago, and has no intention of moving it from Des Moines. The large increase of business in his Educational (or Subscription Book) Department, now carried on in several States, compelled the transfer of that feature of the business to Chicago, where the books are published and from which point they are shipped. The entire magazine business is transacted from the home office, Des Moines, where the magazine is edited and printed.

TO ALL INTERESTED IN "THE MARCH TO THE SEA": Determined to keep his word with his readers, THE MIDLAND'S publisher has finally arranged to fill all orders for Major Byers' popular epic of the war, "The March to the Sea." The arrangement involves larger expense than was anticipated; but, when THE MIDLAND'S word with the public is involved, expense becomes a secondary matter. Having at last obtained from the Arena Company the names of all persons who have not yet received the book, we shall at once proceed to fill all orders—both those received and those which may hereafter be received. The retail price of this beautifully printed and illustrated work is fifty cents. But the book will be mailed, as heretofore, to all new subscribers who desire the work, on receipt of ten cents added to the subscription price of \$1.50. Remit \$1.60 and you will get "The March to the Sea," and a year's subscription for THE MIDLAND.

Booker T. Washington's famous manual training school at Tuskegee, Ga., and his work among the negroes of the South will be sketched in the May MIDLAND by a Northern lady who is now teaching a negro school in Georgia. The sketch will include a portrait of the famous educator and orator and pictures of the school.

A profusely illustrated and well written sketch of "The Dalles of the St. Croix," which the neighboring commonwealths of Minnesota and Wisconsin are arranging to set apart as an Inter-State Park, will appear in the May MIDLAND. The sketch is written by Frank H. Nutter, landscape architect and city engineer of Minneapolis, whose pamphlet on "Public Parks and Reservations" is accepted by the State of Minnesota as an authority on the subject.






Miss Mabelle Biggart, the dramatic author and reader, whose portrait appears on a preceding page, will have in the May MIDLAND a sketch of notable women in journalism.

The author and the composer of "Sweet Bye and Bye," a song that has sung itself into the hearts of millions, will be pictured and sketched in the May MIDLAND. The pictures were obtained from relatives, and have never before been made public. The sketch is written by an old pupil of the composer.

Leigh Gordon Giltner, whose Kentucky story in a recent MIDLAND was copied, by special permission, in the New York *Tribune*, promises a paper in our May number on "The Season's Plays and Players," with portraits from photos by Sarony.

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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

Charles A. Gray, the famous Chicago artist and illustrator, whose pen sketches in THE MIDLAND, notably those of General Sherman, ex-Premier Gladstone and President McKinley, have won high praise from the severest critics, has a little hobby of his own, and that is the Violin. He, himself, is the owner of several violins of rare quality. In fulfillment of a promise long since made, Mr. Gray will have in the May MIDLAND a descriptive sketch entitled "Violin Making," which, besides giving much infor-

mation, will be handsomely illustrated with a copy of his famous painting, "The Violin Maker," and with other illustrations made from his own drawings.

"The Club Movement in Kansas" will be the May article in THE MIDLAND series of Federation papers. Its author is Mrs. Lillian W. Hale, Kansas State Chairman of Correspondence, who is, herself, part of the history of which she so entertainingly writes. The article will be accompanied by numerous portraits of prominent club women in Kansas.

"In Gay Spring Attire"

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Cash Prizes Offered for the Next Quarterly Competition.

This magazine will be filled every month with the choicest and best literature obtainable from all sources, professional and otherwise. But in order to encourage the large and growing number of its subscribers who may, with propriety, be termed amateurs in literature,—that is, those who are not making literature a profession,—the publisher of THE MIDLAND offers special prizes to amateur writers of both prose and verse, as follows:

For the best *Original Descriptive Paper*, with accompanying Photographs or Drawings, or both, a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Story of any length* a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Poem*, occupying not more than a page of this magazine, a cash prize of \$10.00 will be awarded.

This contest is open only to yearly subscribers to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. The fourteenth quarterly competition will close July 1, 1897.

This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to THE MIDLAND. Those who would enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MSS.

Failure in one contest is no bar to entrance in future contests. Any subscriber may enter any number of contributions. The names of the unsuccessful will be withheld from the public. A prize will be offered for such contributions as are found by the editor to be available for use during the next twelve months. Mail subscription price (\$1.50) to Publisher MIDLAND MONTHLY, Des Moines, Iowa.

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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

Frank W. Calkins' "River Pirates," a sketch of the wild life on the Mississippi before the war, booked for April, will positively appear in the May MIDLAND.

Nine new ten-cent magazines have blossomed since February 1st. Several of them went down before the first frost.

So great is the interest in Governor Gue's important addition to the history of the John Brown movement, in the February and March MIDLAND, that the New York *Tribune*, with permission, copied the article entire, the *Review of Reviews* quoted from it extensively, and the great dailies of the country, from Boston to Frisco, gave extended editorial comment on it. On invitation from the editor of the MIDLAND, Governor Gue has under consideration another paper describing the conditions in the Quaker settlement of Springdale, which prompted himself, his brother, D. J. Gue, his cousin, Smith, and his friend, Moses Varney, to

take the extreme measures described in the article, with the one purpose of averting inevitable bloodshed and saving Brown and his followers from the tragic consequences of their rash course.

Push, for February, sizes up the situation correctly: "The *St. Louis Magazine*, which has had an up-and-down existence for several years, has changed its name to *The Midland Magazine*, in spite of the fact that the word "MIDLAND" has long been the special property of the thriving and interesting MIDLAND MONTHLY, of Des Moines. It looks very much as if somebody were trying to trade on somebody else's reputation.

The Hesperian, commenting on THE MIDLAND's absorption of *The New Bohemian*, caustically remarks: "We trust that none of the odor of foul pipes and stale beer, that was a notable feature of *The New Bohemian*, will cling to the fragrant garments of THE MIDLAND."



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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has a number of interesting features this month, not the least being the descriptive and biographical articles being published serially.—*Free Press*, Detroit.

Hon. B. F. Gue contributes a very interesting paper, etc. . . . There is some entertaining fiction in this excellent number.—*Journal*, Minneapolis.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has an unusually interesting table of contents this month. Among the best articles printed in this issue may be mentioned "Japanese Farming," which gives the reader the "other side" of life in the Flowery Kingdom. "The Widow of Stephen A. Douglas and her Daughters," "Across Country in a Van," and several bright short stories. The illustrations are especially good, and show much care and taste in their selection.—*Commercial Tribune*, Cincinnati.

And another notable article is "The Widow of Stephen A. Douglas and Her Washington Home," by Juliette M. Babbit.—*Omaha Bee*.

The series of articles on "Grant's Mississippi Campaigns" and the papers on "John Brown and His Iowa Friends"

continue to be leading features of the MIDLAND MONTHLY. This magazine is doing a good work in securing and preserving local history and biography.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for March has an interesting paper on Japanese farming, illustrated. The fiction department is ample and the miscellany good.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

It is years since any magazine article has awakened as much interest as was aroused by Governor Gue's disclosure of the authorship of the letter warning Secretary Floyd of John Brown's proposed insurrection. The conclusion of Mr. Gue's article (in the March MIDLAND MONTHLY) will be equally interesting, relating the story of Barclay Coppoc's escape, etc.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

Each number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY embraces all those features which may be looked for in a standard literary periodical. The press work and illustrations are always attractive, and its literary matter is of the kind that makes it a welcome visitor in every well-ordered home. THE MIDLAND richly deserves its increasing popularity.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.



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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

The memory of Richard Realf, follower of John Brown, and perhaps the most gifted poet who ever made Kansas his home, no longer rests under the imputation put upon it by one of the surviving Coppocs. The charge was that Realf betrayed Brown and revealed the plan of his attack upon Harper's Ferry. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Gue, of Iowa, in the February MIDLAND MONTHLY, denies this, and says his brother, David Gue, an artist in New York, wrote a letter to John B. Floyd, Buchanan's secretary of war at that time, and apprised him of the forthcoming raid.—*Mail*, Topeka, Kan.

It remained for the representative magazine of the middle-west, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, of Des Moines, Iowa, to give to the world the solution of the historical question, "Who notified the war department of John Brown's proposed raid on Harper's Ferry, and what was the informant's motive?"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

The March MIDLAND MONTHLY gives us an unusual preponderance of fiction and poetry; that both are good goes without saying to those who have come to know and trust this magazine of the Middle West. Perhaps its feature article is

the finely illustrated paper on Bjornstjerne Bjornson. The woman's club department surprises us with an exceptionally fine paper on the "Federated Clubs of Washington," with portraits of sixteen handsome Washington women. We say surprises, because we at least had no idea the young state of Washington was so old and so far advanced in clubs. It seems Washington has a club already in its teens and federated last year with the same initial number of clubs as Tennessee.—*Knoxville Journal*.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, issued from Des Moines, gives us a splendid illustrated number for March.—*Gazette*, Colorado Springs.

The new state of Washington shows well in the eighteen portraits of representative Washington women in this number. "Home Themes" is wholly given up to poetry this month.—*Index*, Emmet, Idaho.

The March MIDLAND MONTHLY is full of interesting reading. "Gossip With Correspondents," in this number, is especially helpful to young writers.—*Herald*, Winona.

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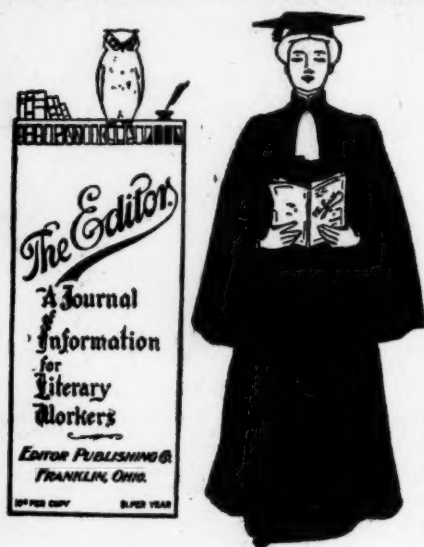
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THE LATEST ROLL-CALL BY STATES.

My folks are so well pleased with it that I concluded to continue to be a subscriber.—J. A. Jungkind, Little Rock, Arkansas.

I have had the MIDLAND MONTHLY nearly three years and could not well do without it now. We Iowans prefer it to any of the magazines we receive in this far away corner of the country. It is so truly and interestingly middle-western.—Alma G. Ott, San Diego, California.

Your magazine should have a good following here.—H. A. Crafts, Fort Collins, Colorado.

I like the MIDLAND, the best of any we have.—Mrs. Fannie J. Pickering, Leesburg, Florida.

Am greatly interested in Grant's Life in the West. I am one of the old soldiers.—G. F. Turner, Aurora, Illinois.

You have struck a "fast gait" with THE MIDLAND thus far this year.—Rev. Louis M. Waterman, Dubuque, Iowa.

I am much pleased with the MIDLAND MONTHLY and wish you success.—C. P. Dawson, President, Hutchinson, Kan., Business College.

I have recently received a copy of THE MIDLAND and am greatly pleased with it.—Mrs. H. G. Petrie, Fairview, Ky.

And I wish your magazine the greatest success. I enjoy it so much.—Fannie Dickey, Belfast, Maine.

I have the MIDLAND regularly and sometimes buy extra copies, esteeming it highly.—J. Edgar Jones, Muskegon, Mich.

Your March MIDLAND is splendid.—I. H. Ulsaker, publisher *Rodhuggeren*, Fergus Fall, Minn.

The magazine of the middle states.—Emily F. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.

March MIDLAND at hand. "John Brown and his Iowa Friends" read with great interest. Allow me to congratulate you upon "Disillusioned." Over it I both laughed and cried. Please make "Editorial Comment" and "Gossip about Authors" longer.—Grace Hines, Omaha, Neb.

Yours is a mighty good magazine.—T. F. Wolfe, Succasunna, New Jersey.

I have had a number of copies of it and like it very much.—Mrs. Minnie Moffitt, Buffalo, New York.

Your charming magazine.—Miss Mame Lincoln, Hunter, North Dakota.

I truly like the magazine.—Mrs. Maria Lawver, Beverly, Ohio.

Your valuable periodical fills a unique place in middle-western literature.—Will P. Chamberlain, Richland, South Dakota.

With hearty congratulations on your successful magazine.—Elizabeth B. Borst, Aventura, Virginia.

I am very much pleased with the MIDLAND—enjoy reading it so much.—Mrs. Ruth B. Mayer, Spangle, Washington.

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The country shown upon the map includes particularly, the Slocan, Kootenai Lake, Cariboo Creek, Deer Park, Nelson, Salmon River, Trail or Rossland, and the Boundary Creek regions. It also shows the Arrow Lakes and Lardeau country and some portion of the Okanogan region.

The map is compiled from reliable and official data and shows the Mining District Subdivisions, and the elevations of the mountains and lakes.

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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

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The Ten Girls or Boys under Eighteen years of age who, before the 15th day of April, mail us the best set of answers to the following questions will each be given a year's subscription to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. The subscription may begin with any month the winner may desire, and will be credited up to any person the winner may name. Adults may assist the competitors, but the answers must be prepared by the girls and boys themselves.

RULES GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

1. Each competitor must cut out the questions given below and pin them to the upper left-hand corner of the first one of the pages on which the answers are written.
2. The answers must be numbered to correspond with the accompanying questions.
3. The answers must be plainly written in ink (not typewritten), must be short and to the point.
4. Send no accompanying letter. Send nothing but the printed questions and your written answers, your name, age and postoffice address. If a resident of a large city, add street address. Patiently wait the announcement of the result, in the April number.

PUBLISHER MIDLAND MONTHLY, *Des Moines, Iowa.*

THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

1. Name two great poems that were illustrated by Doré. (p. 290.)
2. Where in Spain is ancient Cordova? (p. 291.)
3. What is meant by the phrase "as the crow flies"? (p. 291.)
4. Who was Darwin, and what theory did he advocate as accounting for the origin of the species? (p. 298.)
5. What is meant by "semi-tropical seas"? (p. 303.)
6. When was Colorado admitted into the Union? Who are that State's two Senators now? (p. 304.)
7. What noted character in history was called "The Little Corporal"? (p. 312.)
8. Locate the ruins of Thebes as near as possible. (p. 316.)
9. What is an armistice? (p. 324.)
10. What is the date of Pemberton's surrender to Grant? (p. 328.)
11. What are "unhygienic tenement houses"? (p. 333.)
12. What is the chief difference between socialism and communism? (p. 333.)
13. What is meant by "gambling in options"? (p. 333.)
14. What is bimetalism? (p. 333.)
15. What is meant by the term "fiat money"? (p. 333.)
16. When and where was the Battle of Spotsylvania fought? (p. 336.)
17. How old was Robert Browning and how old was Elizabeth Barrett when the two were married in 1846? (p. 364.)
18. About how long has the Cuban insurrection lasted? (p. 354.)
19. When was the patriot Maceo slain? (p. 354.)
20. In what year was letter postage in this country reduced from three to two cents? (p. 379.)

THE SUCCESSFUL TEN LAST MONTH.*

Helen Baird, age 11, Everett, Wash.
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